

The Nation

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Summary of the News

Any satisfaction that existed over Austria's apparent compliance with the demands of the United States in connection with the sinking of the Ancona, was short-lived. The full text of the Austrian reply, dated December 29, to the American note of December 21, was published in the papers of January 1. It seemed to bear out in all respects the cabled summary published the preceding day. Beneath an elaborate dress of explanations and justifications, not distinguished for ingenuousness, there was revealed an intention to meet the American demands for disavowal, for punishment of the commander of the submarine, and for indemnity for American lives lost. It is to be noted that the Austro-Hungarian Government made no promises to amend its instructions to submarine commanders, but based its compliance with the demands of the United States on instructions said to be already in force. Simultaneously with the publication of the note there came hints from Washington that an early settlement of the long-delayed controversy with Germany over the Lusitania might be expected.

Later on New Year's Day came news of the torpedoing in the Mediterranean of the P. and O. liner Persia, with an attendant loss of life second only to that caused by the sinking of the Lusitania. The Persia, according to all information available, was torpedoed without warning off the coast of Crete, on December 30, the day after Count Burian had set his hand to the note in which it was stated that Austria-Hungary had "in the whole course of this war . . . given numerous proofs of humanitarian sentiments toward enemies as well as toward neutral states." The nationality assumed by the submarine is unknown, for it was never sighted, only the wake of the torpedo, according to one statement, being seen by an officer of the Persia. The submerged craft, however, did its work with such efficiency that the liner sank in five minutes. Only four boats were able to get away, and, according to information at present available, out of a total company of between 350 and 400 passengers and crew, 150 or 160 only were saved. So far as is known, only two Americans were on board. One of these, Robert N. McNeely, newly appointed American Consul at Aden, perished. Three more ships have been sunk in the Mediterranean since the Persia: the British steamer Glengyle, carrying passengers (three Europeans and seven Chinese lost); the British steamer St. Oswald, and the Japanese freighter Kenkoku Maru.

The President, cutting short his visit to Hot Springs, returned to Washington on Tuesday, and a statement was issued by Mr. Tumulty which declared that the President and Secretary of State were taking every means to ascertain the "cold facts in this grave matter," and would "act just as soon as the information is obtained." Ambassador Penfield, in Vienna, it is announced, has been instructed to make informal inquiries as to the

identity of the submarine. Unofficially, it is suggested in dispatches from Washington that demands may be presented by the United States to all the Teutonic allies, including Turkey and Bulgaria, for guarantees concerning their future respect, in their conduct of maritime warfare, for obligations of humanity and of international law. Dispatches from Washington also call attention to the alleged fact that the Persia carried a 4.7-inch gun; but, in view of the record of the United States in regard to the right of merchant vessels to mount guns for defence only, it seems hardly probable that this will have an important bearing on the question.

The State Department was officially advised on Monday that the French Government, in response to representations made by the United States, had ordered the immediate release of Germans recently removed from American ships on the high seas by the French cruiser Descartes.

The British Government, through the Associated Press, issued a statement on December 31 concerning the right of seizure of mail packages addressed to belligerent countries. According to this statement, which was presumably issued in expectation of inquiries from the United States as well as in answer to protests received from Holland and Sweden, Great Britain, taking her stand on the Hague Convention of 1907, contends that all parcels sent by mail, no matter what class of postage is paid on them, are liable to seizure if they contain goods which, under the Orders-in-Council, may not be shipped to or from Germany or her allies.

The most interesting development in the exposure of Teutonic conspiracies in this country came with the news, too late for insertion in our columns last week, that on December 28 Representative Frank Buchanan, of Illinois; ex-Representative H. Robert Fowler, of the same State, and Frank S. Monnett, ex-Attorney-General of Ohio, were indicted on a charge of conspiring to break up the industries in munitions in this country. At the same time Franz Rintelen, David Lamar, and the president and two members of "Labor's National Peace Council" were also indicted.

In the Balkans the lull continues. King Constantine, with whom interviews are becoming a dangerous habit, took advantage of the occasion of the New Year to accompany a message of greetings to the British public, sent through an English journalist, with a further defence of his policy, apparently oblivious of the fact that a constitutional monarch is discreetly relieved of the responsibility of being his own Foreign Minister. Dispatches from London of December 31 announced that two new landings had been made by Allied forces in the Near East: one by the British at Orphanos, a small Greek port sixty miles east of Salonica; the other by the French on the island of Castelorizo, not far from the Turkish port of Adalia. The seizure last week by the French of the Consuls of the Teutonic allies at Salonica, and also, it was stated on Tuesday, of the Norwegian Consul, presumably on the ground of espionage, has called forth a formal protest from Greece. King Peter of

Servia has reached Salonica and has been greeted with an address of welcome by the Greek Government. The newspapers emphasize the favorable influence the visit is likely to have on the relations of Greece with the Powers of the Entente.

A small naval action took place in the Adriatic, off Durazzo, on December 29, when an Austrian squadron was put to flight, with the loss of two torpedo-boat destroyers, by Italian and Allied ships.

The quiescence of the past few weeks in military operations on all fronts has been disturbed by the inauguration of an apparently strong offensive by the Russians, extending from the Pripet to the Rumanian frontier, comment on which will be found elsewhere.

The case of the Bulwark, which was blown up by a mysterious explosion off Sheerness in November, 1914, was recalled by the official announcement of the British Admiralty on December 31 that the armored cruiser Natal had been sunk by an explosion in harbor on the previous day. Only 400 of a crew of possibly 700 were saved.

Dispatches from Berlin of December 20 gave a summary of an article from the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, which purported to give the terms on which Germany is ready to consider peace. The article has apparently aroused a good deal of interest in Germany, the papers having displayed it prominently, although refraining from comment.

The usual honors conferred by King George at the New Year have this year been awarded on non-party lines. Of particular interest to Americans are the barony given to William Waldorf Astor and the Order of Merit conferred on Mr. Henry James.

The crisis in England over the issue of conscription, to which we alluded last week, appears to have become less active, although it is admittedly still grave. Information on the subject is only at the most semi-official, but it seems probable that the Cabinet has been able to compose most of the differences of opinion on the subject that existed, the only resignation on the question, up to the time of writing, being that of the Home Secretary, Sir John Simon. From usually well-informed sources it is stated that a measure of conscription will shortly be introduced, calling for the compulsory registration, on the lines of Lord Derby's recruiting scheme, of those unmarried men who have not up to the present come forward. Opposition to this suggestion has apparently been less vigorous than might have been expected. Whether or not it is contemplated that the scheme shall include Ireland in its operation is still uncertain. Official announcement was made on Tuesday that only 53 per cent. (1,150,000 out of 2,179,231) of the unmarried men of military age had come forward. Of the married men 59 per cent. had volunteered.

Thomas Mott Osborne, Warden of Sing Sing, was indicted on December 28 on seven counts in charges of perjury and neglect of duty.

The Week

The close of the year was marked by the unexpected receipt of a reply to the second American note on the Ancona case, in which the Austrian Government seemed to go as far as any one could expect in compliance with our demands. While it was impossible to read Count Burian's note with any feeling that it was either an honest statement of facts or a manly acceptance of fundamental principles, yet it did state that the commander of the submarine had been punished, it did promise reparation, and it did acknowledge that the rules of humanity require that the lives of non-combatants on private ships shall be secure from slaughter. And it is to be particularly noted for future reference that, in spite of the immediately preceding sinkings in the Mediterranean of a French and an Italian passenger ship, the Austrian note was hailed by substantially the entire American press as a satisfactory settlement, and was regarded as the welcome prelude to an entire closing of our controversy with the Teutonic Powers on the subject of their submarine operations. All that remained, it was felt, was a final settlement of the Lusitania question, and this it was supposed would follow almost immediately. The attitude thus shown by almost the entire body of the newspapers of our country is absolutely incompatible with that accusation of inveterate unfairness which is so constantly made in German and pro-German quarters.

The skies so suddenly cleared were darkened with equal suddenness almost the next day. The sinking of the Persia brought home with appalling force a conviction of the unreality, or to say the least the utter incompleteness, of what had seemed to be accomplished. The air became full at once of speculations as to whether this new outrage would be shifted by the Teutonic Empires to the shoulders of the Turk, whether some fresh loophole of explanation or excuse would be discovered by them, whether they would profess entire ignorance as to the causation of the slaughter—in a word, whether the ghastly game that had been going on for eight months would now under some slightly different guise be resumed. It is true that the exact facts in regard to the Persia are as yet undetermined; it is true that the same is the case in regard to several torpedoings of merchant ships that have taken place since the Persia was sunk. But, while the ascertainment of those particulars is nec-

essary in order to determine the precise course which our Government should pursue in relation to any one of these events taken by itself, no such solicitude about special particulars is required to decide its course concerning the situation as a whole. What we have before us is evidently an unabated persistence in that form of inhumanity of which the awful crime of the Lusitania was the first example which we solemnly set our face to stop. The time has come when such a step shall be taken as will permit of no further trifling in this momentous matter except at the cost of a cessation of friendly relations with the United States.

It is naturally from members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations that an intimation comes that the President ought to consult with them before carrying the controversy with Austria to an extremity. Senators have long been jealous of their privilege in such matters. Under President Roosevelt the Foreign Relations Committee got in so much of its fine work on treaties and other matters as to drive Secretary Hay nearly frantic. To that period relates the story about Hay recently told by Roosevelt. Some one asked the Secretary which Senator he most disliked. "The one I have last seen," was the reply. But heads of the Department of State have since been more astute than Hay was in exalting the horn of the Senate. Root, when Secretary, conferred freely with Senators, and got on with them very well. Bryan conferred with everybody. It is not to be supposed that the lesson has been lost upon Secretary Lansing. Indeed, Senator Stone and other members of the Committee do not deny that they have been reasonably admitted to the President's confidence in foreign complications. With Congress in session, such Executive consulting of the Senate will tend to be more frequent.

Who will outguess whom at Salonica? There are rumors that the Austro-German demonstration against Salonica is designed to hold up a large Allied army in the Balkans while von Mackensen delivers his great stroke against Egypt. But the situation can be interpreted just the other way. The Allies at Salonica may be aiming to pin down a quarter of a million enemy troops who might otherwise be available for Egypt. In the matter of outguessing opponents the Germans have so far had the better of it in eastern Europe and the Mediterranean. Allied foresight in the same

theatre has been nothing to boast of. We are inclined to believe that Allied blunders in this respect will not be repeated. In the first place, the much-heralded invasion of Egypt is a painfully slow operation, best, and only the most criminal negligence on the part of the Allies could leave any doubt as to the main objective of the Teutonic attack or as to the progress it is making. In the second place, the Allies have now in the east one of the greatest of Allied military leaders, in the person of Gen. Castelnau, chief of the French General Staff, and regarded in some quarters as coördinate with Joffre in authority. There is no likelihood of a German dash into Egypt like the dash into Russia of last summer or into Serbia a few months ago.

The road to Egypt along which anywhere from half a million to a million troops of the Central Powers are to pour down will require a good many guard rails and retaining walls, measured in human battalions and divisions. That road to Egypt stretches from the Danube in a great diagonal across the Balkans to Constantinople, and the Allies are establishing themselves at favorable observation points along the route. With the Anglo-French at Salonica, the Italians in Albania, and a new Russian stirring on the Rumanian frontier, the Balkans to-day reproduce on a small scale the aspect of Europe as a whole, a ring of Allies and the Kaiser in the middle. A victorious Kaiser, to be sure, and a ring of Allies by no means elated, but a ring that seems to be fastening itself into the soil as obstinately as the greater European circle. To watch Salonica, Albania, and the Rumanian line will call for many hundred thousand fighters, with the result that there will be far less than half a million men to swing down the road to Egypt.

The Russian offensive developing against the extreme right of the Austro-German line in eastern Galicia and Bukowina is the most considerable movement, outside of the Balkans, since the great Allied attack of last September in the west. The objective is the same that has guided Russian military operations since the beginning of the war: to stand on the defensive as against the Germans, to hit out against the Austrians. By this time, to be sure, it is difficult to differentiate between the two. German and Austrian battalions have been pretty well shuffled together, and the high command has passed into German hands. Nevertheless,

there are parts of the line where the Austrians are in a majority, and this is the case in eastern Galicia and Bukowina, at these, as the less formidable opposite the Russians are now throwing the weight of their new armies. Success in this region would bring the quickest results, because here the Russians are nearest to the Carpathian barrier. A decisive Russian victory in Bukowina, for instance, followed by a fifty-mile advance, would bring them once more to the Hungarian frontier, whereas further north the Russians are from three to five times that distance from the Carpathians. And always there is the political objective—Rumania.

At the beginning of 1916, what is the outlook for democracy on both sides of the Atlantic? It may be summed up in a few words: In Europe, democracy, under fire, is courageous and self-confident. In this country democracy is being urged to go out of business. England, after seventeen months of war and facing a struggle of indefinite duration, of enormous strain, of uncertain outlook, is still debating "compulsory service," of a modified and limited sort. Why? Because England, fighting for her empire, for the splendid history of a thousand years, for survival it may be, still refuses to surrender her democratic creed. The great majority of Englishmen feel that if this is a war for democracy, Germany will have won if England goes in for compulsory service. It may come to that. England may have to surrender her ancient creed to save herself from destruction, but she is determined to hold fast to the faith until there is no other way out. In other words, democracy in England is still courageous. It is the same way in France. Upon her the bitterness of war has broken in full measure. On her the strain is beyond calculation. Yet Frenchmen have not huddled together and cried for a dictator. Instead, through their representatives in Parliament, they are reasserting a stronger democratic control over the conduct of the war, plainly determined that liberty must not be sacrificed to panic, plainly confident that democracy can yet win the war. Such is the spirit of democracy on the battle-line.

But how is it with American democracy at the beginning of 1916? Almost overnight its old values and traditions some would hastily brush away. Just as one might discuss the desirability of the short ballot or tenement-house reform, Americans

are speaking now of an army of one and a half millions, five millions, universal military service, conscription. Who would have said on January 1, 1915, that within a year any public man of importance, any American citizen, could let the word conscription fall from his lips? Comparing our situation with that of the Allies, our "peril" with the peril of England or France, the fact that people should now be speaking of universal military service, of conscription, makes one doubt whether our American democracy was ever anything more than a Fourth-of-July phrase that can now be airily discarded. So Mr. Perkins has been speaking of having in the White House not a President, but a Commander-in-Chief. The French have not put Gen. Joffre into the Elysée Palace, but Mr. Perkins wants a Commander-in-Chief in the White House. On the Aisne and around Ypres they still believe in democracy, but in Park Row and on Pennsylvania Avenue democracy is in panic. Sad, indeed, would be the present estate of American democracy if the feeling of the American people were truly mirrored in the utterances of the Perkinses, the Chamberlains, the Mobilized Leagues and Societies and Aero Clubs that are ushering in 1916 to the loud peals of mobilizations, conscriptions, and Commanders-in-Chief.

Let us be thankful. The Navy General Board has given us ten years' grace, according to the latest from Washington:

In setting 1925 as the time when the United States navy should equal any afloat—which means reaching the two-power standard of the British navy—the Board estimated that much time would elapse before the shock of the present war passed sufficiently to permit any of the belligerents to look to South or Central America for colonial development or trade aggression.

A respite of ten years is a very handsome allowance in itself. It is almost overwhelming when compared with the invasion of the United States in 1916 by Mr. Henry Wise Wood, in 1917 by Mr. Stanwood S. Menken, or in 1918 by Senator Chamberlain. These gentlemen will now proceed to bring in a bill of high treason and attainder against the Navy General Board for spreading abroad the dangerous delusion that Germany must catch her breath for ten years before she can come over and attack us. Mr. Wood knows better. He has every reason to believe that when the present war ends there will be a secret article in the treaty of peace by which Great Britain and France, in return for Alsace-Lorraine and, perhaps, the island of Heligoland, will encourage Germany to come

over and occupy Rio Janeiro and Buenos Aires. With this danger staring us in the face, what does the Navy General Board mean by speaking of 1925?

It may seem highly ungracious to ask for more. We do not ask for much, for only one year extra. Can we not safely wait till 1926 instead of 1925? Put it another way. If we need ten years to build up the kind of navy the General Board thinks necessary, might we not begin in 1917 instead of 1916? The advantage of starting in 1917 is this: By that time the war in Europe will be over. When the war is over we shall know just where the nations stand and where their armies stand, and where their casualties stand, and where their Governments and Parliaments and democracies and annexationists and Socialists stand. We shall know more about Dreadnoughts and submarines and sixteen-inch guns. We shall know something of Germany's food prices and of her marvellous war inventions and of France's financial situation and whether England will have a standing army as big as Germany's. Can the Navy Board lay its hand on its heart and say confidently what Germany's fleet or England's fleet will look like at the end of the war? If we are immune for ten years, is there excessive danger in waiting another year? Or if 1925 is the limit, mightn't we, by hustling, do the job in nine years? Nine years' preparation on the basis of something we really know ought to be equal to ten years' preparation on the basis of what only Mr. Menken and Mr. Wood know.

The official figures of the Massachusetts State census of 1915 have just been published, and they show no falling off in the rate of increase of population, either for the State as a whole or for the city of Boston. The increase since 1910 has been 9.7 per cent. for Massachusetts and 11 per cent. for Boston. In the previous decade the increase for the State was 20 per cent., for the city of Boston 19.6 per cent. Inasmuch as the growth of population in New England industrial centres is usually largely dependent on immigration, it might have been expected that the falling off in that factor would show itself there as it did in so marked a degree in the New York State census—in a startling way for some of the boroughs of the metropolis. The question whether the result here was a true reflection of the facts or was due in a serious degree to defects in the State census enumeration, remains an open one. The police census since

taken in New York city points strongly in the latter direction. In considering the parallel of the Massachusetts figures, however, it is pertinent to note that the decade 1900-1910 showed for Massachusetts and Boston a markedly lower rate of increase than the decade 1890-1900, the rates being 20 as against 25.3 for the State, and 19.6 as against 25.3 for the city of Boston; while in New York State and New York city precisely the opposite state of things was shown. For the State of New York the percentage of increase in the last decade was 25.4 as against 21.1 in the decade preceding, and in the city of New York the figures were 38.7 and 37.1, respectively. Such a percentage of increase as 38.7—far outdoing the result for any other city coming anywhere near to New York's class—it is, of course, out of the question to maintain long. The difficulty with this State's census figures is not that they fall below this, but that they mark a fall so great and sudden as to seem extremely improbable, even after allowing for the factor of immigration.

Dayton, O., described as "a city which has lately formed the habit of choosing its municipal officers on issues unrelated to the tariff and Philippine independence," is making an apparently successful trial of a variation of the parole system. A man who is sentenced to the workhouse is told that if he conducts himself properly he will be turned over to the Municipal Parole Board. This Board does not content itself with a mechanical arrangement of names and dates and record of conduct, but first finds out what the prisoner can do and seeks a job for him. The man on parole then goes to work in the morning as if he lived at home, returning to the workhouse in the evening. On Saturday night he brings his wages in the envelope, sealed, to the superintendent, who opens it in the presence of members of the prisoner's family and distributes its contents as he sees fit. With poetic justice, the plan is said to work especially well in cases where the prisoner is serving a sentence for non-support of his family. The story is told of one man, convicted on this charge, that he has taken care of his family, paid his pressing debts, saved \$100, and has two months still to serve. The great advantage of the system is thought to be its inculcation of regular habits in the prisoners. There are obvious incidental advantages, also, such as the preservation of normal life for the men theoretically within prison walls, and the consequent likelihood of their reformation.

The mere figures of the production of motor cars thrown at us annually by the sponsors of the New York Automobile Show must leave most men unresponsive. When a decade ago the annual output was rising from a few thousands to over 100,000, the statistics were comprehensible; now that they are leaping from 900,000 to over 1,000,000, they are not. But the energy, the competitive dash, and the wholesale growth of the industry are accurately measured by another set of figures that, as they constantly fall, naturally come home to the bosoms and business of more men—the prices of single motor cars. The average price of a passenger car in 1907 was put at \$2,123; in 1915, five or six years after production began on a really great scale, it was \$672. Figures for thirty-eight principal manufacturers of cars show that in 1911 over twenty were making cars that sold for over \$2,000. To-day only half that number are doing so. Cars that without doubt have steadily improved in design and machinery have been reduced—to use specific instances—from \$3,150 to \$2,285, from \$1,600 to \$1,050, and from \$1,100 to \$655. The organization and perfection of the industry make a remarkable story. They have even rendered it possible for the general manager of the Automobile Chamber of Commerce to speculate about the market for cars made for people with \$1,200 yearly income!

Philadelphia has got as far with a new art museum as a model and a site. The model is being displayed in the courtyard of the City Hall. It is Greek in design, and frankly reminiscent of the Acropolis. The site selected is the Spring Garden Street entrance to Fairmount Park. Outwardly, therefore, the proposed museum is worthy of the city. As for its contents, every one will think of the Widener collection, which, by the terms of his will, may go to Philadelphia, New York, or Washington. A Washington newspaper has advanced the argument that it should be lodged at the capital, which is "a national centre" and is "developing artistically." Yet Philadelphia, with Independence Hall, may claim to be an older national centre than Washington, but this is hardly the ground upon which the final situation of these art treasures should be decided.

The schoolmaster has long been abroad among the Indians, and there are now 20,000 Indian children under him; yet the first uniform course of study for them has just been prepared by a committee working under Commissioner Sells. All Indian schools

are industrial, and the outlined study is probably more heavily "vocational" than that offered any equal group of pupils in America. The first three grades supply the Indian child's want of home training. In his fourth year, he begins to give 240 minutes a day to industrial work, as compared with 60 minutes to English, 30 to arithmetic, and 30 to physiology. This he may continue through the sixth grade, or he may, after selecting his calling in life, graduate into a still more rigidly practical course, where he gives not only four hours daily to industrial work, but is taught vocational arithmetic, industrial geography, and other studies grouped around his trade. Agriculture and household economics are naturally most often chosen, and in Oklahoma and elsewhere the ability of Indian men and women so to master them as to become useful citizens has been fully proved. It is hopeful to find the course planned for eight months yearly; it is only recently that it has been possible to keep many Indian schools open so long.

Preparedness appeared at Harvard as long ago as 1759. A letter in the *Crimson* quotes from the faculty records for April 7 of that year as follows:

Whereas many of the Undergraduates have preferred a Petition to us, for Liberty to Exercise Themselves in the use of the Fire-Lock at convenient Hours, We therefore having considered the sd. Petition, do hereby grant them this Liberty they have asked, but with the following Restrictions or Proviso's. viz:

Provided, that they make no use of their Drum any Where, but in the Play-Place, nor That, But in play Time.

Provided also, That They exercise themselves in the use of the Fire-lock in the Play-Place only, and That, at no other time, but after Evening Prayers.

Provided also, That they behave themselves orderly in their Exercise, & Particularly That They explode not, any of their Fire-Locks in the College Yard, or Elsewhere (Except Volleys in the Field of Exercise).

Like the present interest in the subject, that of 1759 was aroused by martial events, the expedition which was to capture Quebec in September being under way. One student let his enthusiasm run away with him. The faculty minutes record a complaint from Col. Brattle, "that the s'd Trollet grossly insulted his train'd Comp'a w'h under Arms, by firing a Squib or Serpent among their firelocks when loaded & primed & all grounded, w'rby he great[ly] endangered the limbs @ least of the Souldiers & Spectators." But should "the s'd Trollet" not have been commended for his display of discontent with merely sham militancy?

"IDIOCY" AND THE WAR.

What Herr Ballin, one of the Kaiser's most trusted counsellors, has in mind when he speaks of this war as "the most cruel and most idiotic the world has ever seen," we cannot undertake to declare. So far as the first adjective is concerned, there is, alas, no need of explanation; the second, whatever may have been intended by it, is suggestive of many things. If the war is "idiotic," it is because the peoples involved in it, or their rulers or statesmen or their intellectual and spiritual leaders, have fallen into ways of thinking that are contrary to reason or that are lacking in a sense of the great realities of life. And whatever else may have gone to the causation of the war, there can be no doubt that such want of intellectual soundness has been one of the potent factors.

One element in this "idiotcy" is a want of the sense of proportion in all matters relating to trade. This is to be found in all nations. When people talk of the vast importance of obtaining some new market, or more fully developing some old one; when they fix their minds on excluding, or getting the better of, this or that competitor, through treaty dickering or through colonial acquisition; it is the rarest thing in the world for anybody to inquire into the degree of importance that the thing has for the welfare of the people of the nation. One of the reasons why our own country was swept into the Philippine venture was the way in which the imagination of thousands of otherwise sensible persons was touched by the idea of the trade that would "follow the flag"; a moment's comparison of the actual possibilities of that gain, put down in plain figures alongside the gigantic totals of our existing and prospective commerce and industry, would have made that particular appeal ridiculous as a reason for embarking on a great new experiment in national policy. If all the nations of the world, instead of talking in vague generalities about the need of new markets, the advantage of spheres of influence, and the rest of it, were in the habit of thinking of these things as ordinary everyday objects, which have not a measureless but a measurable value, they would not be so ready to pay an infinite price for their attainment. It was precisely this attitude of the unthinking that Bismarck wished to hit when he made his famous declaration about a proposed extension of German influence in the Near East not being worth the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier.

It has been Germany's misfortune, and the world's, that what in all countries is a weakness and an error has there been raised to the status of an obsession. In the face of the abounding prosperity which she had, she fixed her mind with ever-increasing intentness upon the things which she had not. The dazzling progress which she had made, both in industry at home and in commerce abroad, did not prevent her thinking herself not merely wronged, but grossly and intolerably wronged, in the assignment of the good things of this world. Not a mere aspiration for a still higher place among the nations, in wealth as well as in arms; not a mere purpose by constant and steady endeavor, by gaining, now here, now there, to increase her opportunities and strengthen her position; not a mere protest against this or that grievance, a mere claim for this or that betterment—not this ordinary human kind of discontent or covetousness or ambition, but something on a quite different plane, both of thought and of emotion, possessed the German spirit. What in a people of a different cast of mind would have been thought of as a more or less serious handicap or injustice was to the German a "ring of iron"; and this fanciful idea of persecution, combined with a perhaps equally fanciful idea of superiority, took almost complete possession of the nation.

Though held in the grip of this twofold obsession, there might still have been hope that Germany would not be swept into the fearful conflict to which it plainly tended, but for a third element in which, among the nations of to-day, Germany has stood utterly alone and peculiar. Only in Germany does there exist the cult of the State as an abstract entity, a sort of metaphysical "absolute" whose claims are subject to no test of reason or experience. The doctrine that "the State is Power," the centre of Treitschke's teaching, may not be explicitly accepted by a numerically large part of the German people; but it is practically dominant among those who are in the high places not only of Government, but of thought. Without it, German militarism would not be what it is; with it, German militarism is radically different from anything to be found in any other nation. By those who clearly profess this cult of the State, war is regarded not as a necessary evil, nor even as an evil of which the good outweighs the bad, but as a positive good, as essential to the State's very being. That this doctrine, not in its full strength, but nevertheless with much of its essence unimpaired, infiltrates

a large part of the nation, is certain; and it does so not so much through its intellectual dissemination as through those outward and visible signs of the military idea which constantly assail the German's senses, which are seen in every manifestation of it, from the Kaiser's moustaches to the *Leutnant's* swagger. Accordingly, instead of the drift towards war from any particular causes being checked by a fundamental sentiment opposed to war, it found waiting and ready, in the most influential part of the nation, a sentiment intensely favorable to war in the abstract. With a military caste in control of affairs, and with these elements of delusion having sway in men's minds, the road that led to this "most cruel and most idiotic" of all wars lay wide and smooth before Germany and the world.

THE PRODIGAL SON, NEW STYLE.

Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.

But they did not know everything down in Judee. That old-style prodigal-son business is all played out—at least in American politics. The Progressive youth who has journeyed into a far country and proposes to come back to his Republican father, does it in a purely modern and breezy fashion:

Well, old man, here I am again! I have had a perfectly corking time while I was away, and feeding on husks is bully for one's wind. I was never more fit to jump right in and shake everybody up on the old place. Of course you'll expect me to take charge of everything and make things hum in the good old way. That older brother of mine, poor old Bill, has evidently let you all fall into the dumps, and you need a lively stirring up. Just as soon as I get a bath and a shave and a new suit of clothes from the regular party tailor—send the bill to George—I'll be ready to run this ranch, and you won't have anything more to worry about.

Some such comparison of prodigal sons is almost forced upon us by two letters appearing side by side in the morning papers of Tuesday. One is from a former confidant of ex-President Taft, who expresses the views of that gentleman as to the meek and humble way in which the Colonel must return to the Republican party, if he returns at all. Mr. Taft would be glad to have all the Progressives back in the fold, and would swing the gate wide before them; but he is not disposed to give them entire control. In particular, Mr. Taft asserts, for the Republican party to think of nominating Mr. Roosevelt would be a particularly disgraceful form of suicide. Compare with this, however, the open letter by Charles Sumner Bird, of Massachusetts. He is a Progress-

sive who has already gone back to his ancestral Republican home—to the extent, at least, of supporting the Republican candidate for Governor—but, far from agreeing with Taft that Roosevelt is a Republican impossibility, Mr. Bird declares that he is virtually the only possibility. He has, it is true, a few grudging praises for Judge Hughes, but the man who has always “hit hard for Americanism,” and who would give the party a rip-roaring campaign, is the only man for Mr. Bird.

His letter contains some incidental statements that are not without political interest. He speaks of the Progressives as “more than two million strong.” They were more than four million strong, by actual votes cast, in 1912. A party that thus confesses its strength to have been reduced one-half is hardly in position to dictate not only its own terms of surrender to the enemy, but the naming of the latter’s commander. Besides, it is morally certain that nowhere near two million Progressives—except in buckram—can now be counted. Several very active gentlemen, led by Mr. Perkins, keep passing on and off the scene with what Lowell called “the cheap numerosity of a stage army,” but nobody is deceived by their parading—least of all, we may be sure, Col. Roosevelt. He knows perfectly what has become of the party of social justice. Little is left of it except good bargaining material. It is doubtless worth a certain price, and will get it; but it would be folly for the Republicans to sell all that they have in order to get what will of itself fall into their hands.

Mr. Bird tempers his enthusiasm with a warning. He does not for a moment fall in with the comfortable Republican talk about being able to elect anybody, Weeks or Fairbanks or Burton or John Smith. Mr. Bird, whether for strategic purposes or sincerely, portrays the Democratic enemy as formidable. He declares flatly that “there are two men, and two only, who have a ghost of a chance to defeat President Wilson next November—Justice Hughes and Col. Roosevelt.” This may be intended to cause chills to run down the backs of Republicans—and so make them bid higher for reunion with the Progressives—but there is an unpleasant amount of cold truth in it. Mr. Bird is undoubtedly right in thinking that the Republicans are bound to put their best foot foremost, if they hope to win the Presidential election. It is not a question of a bad nomination—a man of the Old Guard ideals. No mere party hack, no mediocrity, no little great man of a locality, will do. The party

will need to be energized and strongly led if it is to have a ghost of a chance against Wilson. Mr. Bird is quite right about that.

So militant a gentleman as he is, however, may easily be misled by analogies that are more military than political. Mr. Bird speaks, with facile heroics, of the determination of Progressives to sell their lives dearly, if they do not get from the Republican party what they want in the way of a platform and leadership. But that sort of thing does not “go” in politics. The summons to die in the last ditch is not nearly so appealing as an invitation to climb aboard the band wagon. The fact is that most of the Progressives have already gone back to either the Democrats or the Republicans. The rest will, in due time, do the same. Mr. Bird’s picture of a noble band going deliberately to sure and ignominious defeat is magnificent, but it is not politics.

THE DYESTUFFS SITUATION.

Concerning the seriousness of the present shortage of dyestuffs, in all except a few simple and staple colors, there is no question. The opening of the war found America dependent upon Germany for 75 per cent. of our dyes, or \$10,000,000 worth annually. Of the 900 dye products which are made in Germany, not over 10 per cent. have ever been manufactured here. American coke plants have systematically wasted two-thirds of all those by-products which are required in making coal-tar dyes; and the process of installing the coke ovens to save the toluol and benzol used for dyes, drugs, and refined chemicals requires time. Once these intermediates are produced, other chemical products are needed to transform them into the needed colors; and many of these other chemicals are now almost non-procurable. The intermediates, moreover, are in such demand for explosives that only limited quantities can be turned into dyestuff fields. Since March 1 of this year, not a pound of German dyes has been received in America, the German Government consistently refusing exportation unless the United States arrange the exchange of an equal value of cotton. Switzerland cannot supply the demands of England and France; and the American shortage of colors has been intensified by the temporary embargo laid on logwood formerly procured from the British possessions.

Still, attempts at a home dye industry already show a hopeful vigor. In staple col-

ors, American activity has grown apace. Dr. Thomas Norton, of the Department of Commerce, has summarized it. He states that, whereas sixteen months ago the output of dyes was 3,000 short tons per annum, now it is 9,000, and by the end of 1916 it will assuredly be 16,000. The dozen plants which before the war were engaged in the manufacture of coal-tar intermediates have been expanded, and a large number have since been opened. The seven different firms which in 1914 were engaged in making dyes have also steadily increased their output of completed colors. E. L. Pratt, of the Society of Chemical Industry, is authority for the statement that ten more such plants have recently been opened, with a daily output of 20,000 pounds. An important development is the rapid introduction into textile centres of small aniline plants, which can turn out several hundred pounds a day of simple colors, like aniline black—enough for the needs of a hosiery mill. Incorporations, some on a huge scale, are frequent; and though textile interests complain that few get off paper, companies like the Illinois Steel Company, with coke ovens at hand, have shown that three months suffices to set a large dye factory in operation. But one great difficulty remains—the fact that no plants offering hundreds of colors, as do the Germans, have been opened. To go extensively into the more complicated branches of dye manufacture requires liberal funds and expert knowledge, and the fear of efficient German competition after the war has given capital pause. It is, therefore, asserted by various interests that new tariff rates, laws against “dumping,” and perhaps even subsidies, are imperative.

Is it true that the timidity of capital cannot be overcome, and an efficient dye-making machinery built up, without placing the industry on an artificial basis behind a governmental barrier? New plants have gone into the business without asking for State guarantees, and there is every indication that many will rapidly expand, under the stimulus of demand, into as complicated a field as patents and the training of American chemists permit. Our coke and gas industry can produce intermediates on equal terms with Germany. The same peace that brings German competition will release for dye-making those intermediates which now go to explosives factories, and it will set free large stores of special chemicals for use with them. In other words, it will be possible to transform much of the munitions industry into a dye industry. As for dumping, it must be remembered that peace may not see

German makers in their old position for carrying on an expensive industrial warfare. But the question that chiefly presses is whether demand and supply cannot be so dovetailed as to offer practically all the guarantees which dye-makers need. As a purely business matter, textile industries cannot be blamed for their refusal to set up dye plants of their own. But they may be blamed for refusing to coöperate with coke, dyestuffs, and chemical interests in building a mutually dependent industry.

No matter what Governmental steps may be taken to foster our nascent activity in dyestuffs, the great lesson to be learned from the present shortage is the lesson of organization. For an American manufacture of dyes, we must coördinate hundreds of branches of activity to make the fullest use of hundreds of by-products as well as direct products. This coördination must begin with the delivery of coal to the ovens, and must not end before the cloth receives its hues. It is this which has made Germany perfect in an industry involving 1,200 different products and processes. The work will require many years, and it will doubtless be long before we can compete in many lines with Germany and Switzerland. For one thing, we shall have to develop new corps of chemical experts. But for consumers of dyes it would be a far better part now to assist in this coöperation than to burden Congress with ill-considered appeals.

THE SECRET OF SALVINI.

If Tommaso Salvini was not the greatest actor this world has seen, he was, in any case, far and away the greatest of modern times. In theatrical history he will take rank with the few acknowledged great masters of his art, with Burbage, Garrick, Talma, the Kembles, Modena, Kean, and the Booths. Some of these he outshone even in their own specialties. His death, of course, cannot now be accounted a loss to the theatre, for many years have sped since his work was done, and he retired full of honors. But his achievements are still fresh in the memories of many thousands of elderly playgoers, on both sides of the Atlantic, and his final exit will not fail to provoke regretful sympathy and somewhat melancholy comparisons.

No longer are there any great actors, either in tragedy or in comedy; while the poetic and imaginative drama has, for the time, almost ceased to exist. The statement is the baldest platitude. But it suggests pertinent

inquiries. Is there less natural histrionic talent in the world to-day than there was fifty or a hundred years ago? There is not the slightest reason for supposing so. On the contrary, there is probably far more, but there is no constant opportunity for its development. We have abolished the schools which produced all the great actors of the past, the competitive stock companies in which they learned the rules, the possibilities, and the practice of their profession. Wherein lay the secret of Salvini's extraordinary preëminence? Not by any means altogether in his genius—brilliant as it was—or in the rare physical gifts with which he was endowed. The question is not quite so readily answered. The splendor of his presence, his fine face, matchless voice, and colossal strength were, beyond doubt, invaluable aids to him in heroic parts. They counted for naught in what was, perhaps—this is a point upon which it is difficult to be precise—his most wonderful achievement, his Conrad in "La Morte Civile." That, from first to last, was sheer artistic interpretation, full of microscopic, harmonious, and utterly veracious detail. His powers were superb, in their fullest manifestation overwhelming, but they were always under his perfect governance. He had learned how to suppress, control, and apply them. The true secret of his varied triumphs is to be found in his early and laborious training. His genius revealed itself in the tragic fury of his Saul, when he was only sixteen years old, but it was only in later years that the performance ripened into a masterpiece.

It is not generally known—although he furnished in this country one amazing instance of his versatility in "Sullivan"—that in his native country Salvini was almost as highly esteemed in comedy as in tragedy. When he first came to America, Ristori earnestly advised him to act in comedy and nothing else. This counsel, however, was disregarded after his instant success in "Othello." Thenceforward his managers kept him in the road of assured prosperity. It is a pity. Had he appeared, with his own competent Italian company, in some of the lighter pieces of his repertory, he might have demonstrated yet more decisively the adaptability of his art and have proved the fallacy of some ungenerous and imperceptive criticism. The essence of this was that in Shakespeare he violated the traditional conceptions and methods—in other words, that he did not follow the best Anglo-Saxon models—and that he dazzled the crowd, and confounded judgment, by the phenomenal bril-

liancy of his emotional outbursts. In both of these allegations there was a sufficient measure of truth to give them a certain plausibility. Not knowing English, he had to read Shakespeare by such light as he had. Some of his interpretations may have been—that of his Hamlet certainly was—erroneous, but he made most of his more orthodox rivals look like pygmies. And it must not be forgotten that all his characterizations were eminently consistent in themselves; were inspired by the main outlines, if they missed some of the more subtle implications, of the text; were reasonable, exquisitely finished, and in the highest degree vital.

With Salvini, in his performances, not to speak it profanely, there was neither variability nor shadow of turning. Of mannerisms—those habitual tricks of speech, gesture, and attitude with which the ordinary actor constantly repeats and betrays himself—he was utterly devoid. It was only by his stature that he could always be identified. Each of his embodiments had its own individual characteristics and action. No confusion between them was possible. What each was once it was always. One representation was as exactly the duplicate of another as are successive proofs from an engraved plate. Not a motion of a finger or a muscle that had not its due and considered significance. Everywhere there was proof of artistic deliberation and purpose, executed with supreme facility; nowhere was there a trace of that reckless abandonment to the impulse of the moment—in which the player necessarily imputes himself—which, too often, by a woful misnomer and misunderstanding, is, in these latter days, dignified by the title of inspiration. The processes of Salvini were intellectual, calculated, not emotional. He divined the feelings or the passions appropriate to the fictitious character, studied their symptoms, and simulated them, sometimes with appalling realism. But he never, as our multitudinous young geniuses do, pretended to feel. He knew that to feel—which has nothing to do with appreciation—was to fail. On the stage he was an executive brain, cool as an iceberg.

Artistry—artisanship, if you please—raised him to his heights. Nature gave him the implements; arduous study, under competent instruction and example, in a long course of stock-company drudgery, taught him how to use them. Without training schools there can be no great actors. And the only known, tried, and proved good school is the stock company. No great actor ever came out of any other.

Foreign Correspondence

THE NEW YEAR OF WAR—WAITING FOR THE DEBACLE.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, December 18.

The New Year has really nothing to do with the war, which drags on year in and year out. We are in the midst of the second winter campaign. Doves of the Ark and Hague Conference women may lift an eyebrow at belligerents who refuse to say they have enough—yet they persist in their refusal. Women's societies of France have just let it be known once for all that they will henceforth not answer even the most strictly neutral invitations to peace palavers. And French Socialists have once more given notice that no pretext of saving what remains of their cherished Internationale by speedy peace shall lead them to separate from their fellow-countrymen in this war.

The only remark I have heard made about recent utterances of the Pope and President Wilson is this: "They seem to think it possible for us to 'negotiate'—talk—with Germans and split our differences by 'mutual concessions'!" Belief in such a possibility is certainly a delusion, so far as French and Belgians are concerned. They have no "misunderstanding" with Germans such as talk can explain away, and no dispute which third parties can arbitrate. Both sides understand each other perfectly—Germany to cut France's throat as she has strangled Belgium; and France and Belgium to save their national life from Germany. Until the invading German armies evacuate French and Belgian territory, none but the Roman historian's peace is possible—"They make a solitude and call it peace!" The Roman poet said, in words of present precision, the same thing: *Squalent populi agri* ("Foul are the fields with the waste of war!").

The New Year's outlook for peace is, therefore, really a view of the progress of war. After seventeen months, Allied nations—France and Belgium, England, Serbia, Russia, and Japan, and Italy, with Portugal for good measure—are bound by their plighted word before the whole world not to make peace separately with the nations making war on them—Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey, and Bulgaria, and whatsoever others may join with these.

It is not sufficiently understood outside how completely the French mind is possessed by the one belief that this is a *guerre d'usure*, not a war of marches and battles, but of wearing out and using up the enemy. Gen. Joffre gave expression to it in the days after the Germans failed to make good their first attack: "We shall nibble them away." Since the battle of the Marne drove them back to a line of defence, German armies hold their trenches—and lose men and munitions and money. It is essentially the same along their eastern front. Germany invaded brilliantly—and has been stopped. She occupies her enemies' country—in trenches and garrisons and camps. To settled possession, she is nowhere nearer than when she first invaded the territory Belgians that are not fighting are unreconciled. Even the Serbian army has escaped. So the end of the war presents one simple question to Frenchmen: When will

the Germans be used up? And this is why millions of French soldiers are facing another winter in the trenches quite as if it were their natural way of living—as indeed it has become—answering whoever asks: *Nous les aurons* ("We shall have them"). And French women and civilians at home answer, in turn: *Nous tenons* ("We're holding out").

This is not vain confidence. The reason of the faith within them is stated by some in round numbers. The German coalition is made up of 150,000,000 people; and Allied nations count 250,000,000 at the least. Taking census reports, the Allies should be far more numerous; but Japan is not fighting in the field, and exotic colonies have not yet shown their fighting strength. Still, they must be counted in for munitions and supplies—and perhaps, with Portugal, for the final blow.

To this must be added things plain to all. Germany has been practically driven from the seas ever since war began. All her blockade-running scarcely brings supplies needed day by day. Her commerce and industry have been cut short ever since war began. Constantinople cannot retrieve her losses. How long can she stand it? The French do not expect Germans to starve and their troops to run out of munitions to-day or to-morrow—but the using up, the wearing out, is going on surely, while men are wounded and dying. There is no dearth of living in France that even suggests any such process there. There is even a revival of business with countries beyond seas. And there is also confidence that money fights for the Allies. A Swiss authority has just computed that, since gold came in as the standard of value, the Allied nations have coined \$7,800,000,000 in gold; and Germany and Austria-Hungary, with Turkey and Bulgaria, have coined barely \$1,500,000,000. This gold coin has taken many devious ways since; but no one seeing what has been going on in France can doubt on which side it remains. Since May, the French people have poured into the Bank of France \$250,000,000 of their hoarded gold. This does not comfort the French for the ruin already resulting from war—\$30,000,000,000 the Swiss authority says—but it gives them heart to hold out against those who, for forty years, prepared their aggression and then, when least expected, made their sudden attack. These did not succeed when the advantage was all on their side—how shall they succeed now that the Allies have pulled themselves together and begun to profit by their own natural advantages?

Those of us who have read books are brought back to our histories of Cyrus and Alexander. How the world and its armies have grown since then! The Russians are at Hamadan, which was Ecbatana of the Medes 700 B. C., and thirty miles roundabout with seven defensive walls, each painted a different color. Cedar and cypress was the King's palace, with silver and gold plates on the column capitals to shine in the sunlight. Here the great Cyrus, who was founding one of the world's big empires, came to pass the heats of summer. And here was the tomb said to be of Esther and Mordecai and certainly marking a station in the wanderings of a race that still gives the Russian Empire thought. Alexander the Great here assassinated Parmenio and lost his best friend Hephaestion. Antiochus of Syria pillaged it and the Parthians made it their capital. And now its squalid habitations among fragments of antiquity are not enough to found even a legend when the history of this war shall be

told a thousand years hence. Yet if we could know the legends of that far-off future we should be able to predict the war's end and what it shall be like and to what good. For the recultivation of all this Persian land, let us hope!

Ctesiphon, from which the English expedition has blundered back before making another inevitable advance to Bagdad, has its own ruins and memories from Babylon to Trajan. The Arab tribes who bear the present blame are far indeed from those of "good" Haroun Al Raschid, quite lacking "organization." How do civilization and progress flit and turn! There has been some very pretty war literature here in France, speculating on the disappearance of our own humanities should the mailed fist of the new hegemonious Emperor succeed in grasping Europe.

Salonica, where France and England are making a stand together, once had its name from Alexander the Great's sister. Before the Turks, the Venetians held it. Here are Jews again, talking Spanish of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella, who expelled them from Spain. At the next port—La Kavala—St. Luke was a Jewish physician before he wandered away with St. Paul and wrote his Gospel of peace to men.

Call it Providence or call it Evolution—curious memories of the past help little to the present outlook of war. Before winter is over, the new artillery may be bellowing among other old ruins—and the Allied peoples will still refuse to talk of peace without justice and liberty.

The western front will hardly change essentially before springtime allows an offensive—some great "drive," while all the world trembles, or perhaps more slow wearing out. Note that, in the eastern front, while the German armies "occupy" Poland, they have not been able to take eastern Galicia from the Russians, nor that part of the Vilna-to-Rovno railway which was to be a single step forward in their irresistible advance; and they have not Riga, which the Teutonic Knights and the Hanseatic League adorned with monuments of a Germanic past. Here, too, in their camps and trenches, German armies are wearing out, while no vital part of Russia has yet been struck.

Without the prophetic vision, there floats before the mind's eye the coming of spring in the great St. Lawrence River. The ice has frozen deep for months, solid as man's mightiest masonry—but the wearing out and using up of the revolving year first softens the surface and then sends fine cracks through its mass; there are muffled and, sometimes, cannon-like explosions; and then, some sunny day, there is all at once a tremble and a rumble rising to a roar, and men with bells used to run through the streets of Montreal crying, *Débâcle! Débâcle!* And all the schools were let out that the children might see the ice breaking, smashing, and piling together in impotent resistance, only to float down the current to the ocean of past winters.

Winter is not over and, here in France, some already hear the first ominous sound. Shall it be men or money or intolerable life? Will Austria and Hungary hold together? Will not much-compounded Austria disintegrate? Shall not even the German Colossus crumble speedily, once this wearing-out war reaches some vital spot? This is what Frenchmen say hopefully, but without giving up their efforts to bring about that day—if not this year, then in other years to come. *Il le faut*—it must be!

LAST DAYS OF LORD DERBY'S SCHEME —SOME RECRUITING METHODS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, December 14.

No one can have anticipated the marvellous rush of recruits on the last four days of the operation of Lord Derby's scheme, probably doubling or more than doubling the numbers previously obtained by the house-to-house canvass. Certainly the War Office had not expected any such whirlwind of recruiting, if we may judge from the way in which facilities for enrolling and attesting were swamped.

The type, spirit, and physique of the new men, to judge by the 1,200 or 1,500 with whom I have come into actual contact, are as a rule admirable. Considering how many of our finest young men had already left the district long ago, one could hardly believe one's eyes or understand where they all came from. Few of them gave the impression that they were unwilling agents; their reasons for delay were nearly always plausible and often singularly cogent. Evidently the moral pressure exercised by the enlisting of their mates had increased steadily during the six weeks of the Derby campaign. Apparently the proportion of married men is larger than that of single men; and the future action of the Government in the matter of enlisting must depend on how many of the latter have failed to respond to the call. It will still be some time before the total number of men who presented themselves will be known. Two points must be remembered: (1) Lord Derby's first report will deal with the attestations in November only; (2) present estimates of numbers will be scaled down considerably by the fact that, during the final rush, the medical examination had to be postponed.

The Derby scheme amounts to the formation of a National Reserve, to be called up in groups as required. Parallel with it there is still going on the process of direct enlistment for immediate service with the colors. This is carried on in various ways, the most conspicuous of which, perhaps, is the open-air recruiting meetings. It is always interesting to see anything done supremely well; and I have no reason to regret the half-hour spent at Trafalgar Square the other day, listening to the recruiting speech of Sergeant-Major Niemeyer, of the Canadian contingent. Whether one approves or disapproves of this method of recruiting his Majesty's forces, it is undeniable that the sergeant is a master of his craft. Indeed, if success be measured by numbers, he has a good claim to rank as the champion recruiter. For he is wont to explain, at the opening of his addresses, that he has already amassed nearly twenty-three years of extra sick-furlough, at the rate of one day for every soldier added to the army by his efforts. If his assertion and his arithmetic are both impeccable, this works out at something like 8,000 men.

I was arrested by a board informing the public that a well-known comedian was to speak that afternoon. I heard the end of his address, and the whole of a very moving appeal from a Belgian lady, whose excellent English was made delightful by a slight foreign accent. Results practically nil. Then the strapping, slouch-hatted figure of Sergeant-Major Niemeyer stepped to the front, and he immediately began to haul in recruits from the crowd just as an expert angler lands trout

from a well-stocked stream. His cajoling voice, his genial smile, the coaxing bend of his forefinger seemed to combine to produce a magnetic or hypnotic effect that the able-bodied man simply could not resist. He bubbled over with appropriate stories, happy epigrams, ready repartees, and jokes that were always funny and sometimes drastic. He made great play by asking for men to fill the military breeches he held up to view; and when this was not immediately effective, he obtained his results by exclaiming, "Perhaps this will suit you better," while exhibiting the corresponding article of a different gender. He claims to have been the first to introduce "vaudeville" methods into recruiting; and his devices—I suppose one must call them tricks—were endless. Thus he invited all those who believed in the voluntary system to hold up their hands; and immediately spotted the owners of all eligible hands in the uplift: "Well, all right, here's your chance to volunteer." He singled out the individual "with the purple tie and the cigarette," and insisted on an answer to the question, "Why not in khaki?" Curiously enough, no one seemed to resent this inquisition. If a good excuse were forthcoming, the subject was abandoned with, "Sorry I bothered you, old chum." If not, the question was followed up till the man either came up for attestation or absolutely declined to enlist. In the latter case (there were only two or three dogged refusals), the sergeant had recourse to invective: "Get down on your hands and knees and crawl home; that's the proper attitude for you; crawl home and drown yourself in the nearest sewer." And even this oburgation was, somehow, so good-natured that it did not seem to provoke any great resentment. To be addressed as "a bunch of lily-livered cowards" somehow seemed within the bounds of parliamentary amenity. All the women in the crowd held up their hands and screamed excitedly in response to an appeal as to how many of them would enlist if they could; and when the sergeant-major exclaimed, "Now, doesn't that make you sick?" the effect was simply to make the "slackers" recover promptly from their malady of sickly irresolution. The men were adjured not to wait for conscription, which would involve a C on one lapel for conscript and on the other for coward. He would rather fight alongside a convict than a conscript, for the one had "guts" enough to get into trouble, while the other had no "guts" at all.

The sergeant-major has extended his recruiting campaign over most of England and Scotland, in connection with the Central Association Volunteer Training Corps and the Local Territorial Associations. His appeals are made mainly to the unmarried men. His "record" meeting took place in Oldham, Lancashire, when 215 recruits yielded to his persuasions, of whom 196 passed the doctor and are now in the army. At a meeting in front of St. Paul's Cathedral he "landed" a group of twenty-two "American" visitors to England, all of whom (curiously enough) put themselves down as born in Toronto. Though, I understand, legally entitled to 1s. for each recruit enlisted through his agency, the sergeant-major is accepting nothing for his work except the army pay of his rank. In spite of his Germanic name, he was born in Lancashire, of English-born parents. Emigrating to Canada, he there became a journalist, with his headquarters at Edmonton. He has been connected with the army since 1901, and has served in South Africa.

Poetry

REVERY: MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 31,
1915.

By STUART P. SHERMAN.

I.

The dead are knocking at their Mother's door,
Though heaven knows her house is very full.
Though through her frosty lips she cries "No more!"
Still at the latch their fumbling fingers pull.
In rocks, bogs, caves, and burrows in the earth,
Savage as in the old Silurian time,
The "heirs of all the ages" prove their worth
By frantic grappling in the frozen slime.
O stop the clock! No bells! Put out the light!
Lights out o'er all the world, lest, drawing near,
The astonished scouts of God detect to-night
There is no turning in our human year,
But drunkard Earth with freshly bleeding scars
Goes reeling in the old rut through the stars.

II.

While I sit in the hollow land of dreams
Musing a league of nations free from crime,
Remembering old wars, my neighbor deems
What has been shall be till the end of time.
"Come, let us flout the futile pacifist!"
(Such words he mutters by my dying fire.)
"The mills of hate will have their bloody grist.
With whetted tusks the washed hog seeks the mire.
Peace and good will no doubt are very sweet;
Who rules the world, in powder puts his trust.
Not war," he swears, "but Christ is obsolete;
He came to earth but left it in disgust.
Next year, if all fares well with Ham and Shem,
We'll hear the boom of bombs in Bethlehem."

III.

Vain day will break; the pallid sun will fling
His light on miles of living men in graves.
Once more to us the raw east wind will bring
A whiff of blood across the Atlantic waves.
"Tis not our war," the prudent neutrals say,
While high winds fill the gory sails of trade.
"Tis not our war"; yet just men cannot pray
For peace on earth nor wish the slaughter stayed
Till force to justice yields a forced assent,
And hell-deep the bedevilled swine are hurled.
Till then the pang of good will impotent
We'll bear with him who made and rued the world.
Peace, peace beneath the earth, good will to men
Who die to bring the New Year in again.

Canada at War

IMPRESSIONS GAINED IN VARIOUS PARTS OF
THE DOMINION.

By ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

The fact that Canada is at war is manifest at almost every stage of even a hasty flight by railway through the country from the sea to the centre and back again. There is no escaping the khaki. The word is Hindu, meaning "dusty"; and the dull brownish drill was first worn as uniform by the Fifty-second Regiment during the Great Mutiny. In the Boer War it displaced the historical red coat in the British army; and now it is the only wear. The prevalent hue is more like that of pea-soup. The streets of Halifax are full of it; for "The Warden of the Honour of the North" shelters some eight or ten thousand fighting men. War is no novelty to the old gray garrison town. It was founded in the lull between two wars to be a military and naval base, and this is the fourth great war that it has seen and borne a part in. Once more the streets resound to the tramp of marching men; once more the King's ships come and go in the harbor; and once more the military prison on Melville Island is filled with captive enemies. All is as it was a century ago, when Britain fought the Corsican. The scene is the same, and the play is the same. Only the actors have changed.

Comfort is understood on the Canadian Government railways; and the long run of nearly nine hundred miles from Halifax to Montreal is no hardship. Khaki pervaded the train. In the bright and speckless dining-car, one had the scenery of the Metapedia as a relish to breakfast. On the other side of the table sat a young officer in his new, plain but well-fitting uniform. He was a typical dark Celt, handsome, well-built, with black eyes and hair, and also very white teeth, which he showed in his rare smiles. He had the Highlander's native dignity, reserve, and courtesy, as well as the characteristic low soft voice. He thawed slightly before the meal was over and vouchsafed a few facts. After the first battery of field artillery had left his town for the front, a second had been raised in "one working day." He himself was in command of a tunnelling company of engineers, recruited in about a fortnight from the miners of his own district, his own schoolmates chiefly, accustomed to call him by his Christian name. He was quietly but intensely proud of his unit. They knew all about tunnelling, and "They're not scared of anything—not even me," he added with a smile. The diffidence and the humor of the remark are quite Canadian.

In the smoking compartment was a "gunner," a full private of a heavy artillery battery, doing its training in Montreal. He was "on leave," had been visiting his people in some town in the Maritime Provinces, and was paying his way in the Pullman like a

gentleman. He, too, was quietly enthusiastic about his unit; it consisted of so many men from this business, so many from that; "and only two Englishmen," he concluded.

In the First Division, the thirty thousand who sailed from Valcartier in the autumn of 1914 and who saved the day at the second battle of Ypres last April, there was an undue proportion of English and Scottish, who had not had time to take root in the country. Canadians are acutely aware of this disproportion, and have made it impossible of recurrence in the Second Division and all the rest of the series. Hence the gunner's remark. He went on to talk of a minister he knew, who had gone as a chaplain, and of another minister in the same town who had volunteered as a private but had been unable to pass the doctor. They were typical. The churches of Canada are all on the side of the war. They have their honor-rolls of members at the front, who are remembered in the prayers of the congregation, along with petitions for the King and for victory. The national anthem forms part of many a service. Church-parlors are organized as clubs for soldiers in garrison towns. In one theological college, nearly half the students volunteered for work in the cycle corps and hospitals.

During the day, five long loaded troop trains passed eastward on their way to the sea. Some were noisy, the windows crowded with laughing, cheering men. Some were very quiet. They were filled with big men from the West, married, many of them, very dangerous at close quarters with the bayonet and very useful about the heavy guns. The time-tables of troop-trains are not published; no newspaper refers to their coming or going; but they are always moving eastward to the waiting steamers and the sea.

Montreal was alive with khaki. The historic Champ de Mars was filled with drilling men, their faces all rosy in the frosty air. Their speckless rifles were stacked in neat pyramids like those in Detaille's picture, *Le Rêve*. Fletcher's Field, the great playground of the city at the foot of the mountain, was even more thickly populated. Here are trenches dug after the manner of those in Flanders, to teach the new methods of warfare. The campus of McGill was covered with youths at drill. Friends who take you to their clubs for lunch or a quiet chat show you the roll of honor, the list of members who are under arms. One-third of the University Club is in uniform. There is only one topic of conversation—the war. The tone is always the same, quiet and confident; no bragging, no panic, and no peace palaver. Montreal women and children were drowned in the *Lusitania*, a fact the men of Montreal will not soon forget. A strange thrilling sound penetrates the vestibule of the hotel; pages and guests hurry through the revolving door. Up the street in the frosty twilight comes a Highland battalion, a thousand strong, with the pipers at their head. The long, solid, gray-green column moves like one man at the end of a trying day's work. The line of khaki great-

coats and rosy faces stretches out into dimness. It passes to a rhythmical, crackling sound of heavy boots on the asphalt. People stand still to watch; but they do not cheer, for Canadians are a quiet people. This is only one of Canada's hundred and fifty-six infantry battalions, besides her artillery, engineers, hospitals, field ambulances, and auxiliary forces of all kinds.

In Toronto, it was the same story. Every vacant space in the city was being used for training soldiers. The traffic of a crowded street makes way for a recruiting party with banners and music. Your motor is checked at the top of an incline to let a smart field battery pass by; the gunners are on foot, holding back the wicked-looking, gray-green guns with drag-ropes. The men are all of the same sort, east and west, notably strong and well-built, with plenty of color in their faces.

An old friend takes you into her house to show you the pictures of her boys. A year's training has turned one from a slim, delicate-looking lad into a very handsome and effective-looking officer. The second has obtained his certificate as an aviator, and wears a naval sub-lieutenant's uniform with a device of wings above the circle of gold braid on his sleeve. He, too, is a very handsome lad, with the air of insouciance which is the mark of the young naval officer. The third son is still at school, but he is going into the engineers. There are only three. That is a typical "best family" of Toronto. Another photograph is of a slim young Highlander in a kilt, a cousin, "Madge's boy." He was in charge of a machine-gun at St. Julien last April, and, though mortally wounded, kept it playing on the advancing Germans until they got near enough to finish him with their bayonets. Toronto has sent some 30,000 men into the field, and is making ready to send more. Those who are going first are the very best. Here, as elsewhere in Canada, those who have the most to lose have been the quickest to respond to the country's call.

Kingston is a dignified little city of gray stone by the lake-side. For a brief space it was the capital of Canada. Its memory stretches back to the war of 1812, and beyond to the days of Frontenac and La Salle. It is the seat of Queen's University and of Canada's West Point, the Royal Military College. There are picturesque martello towers at various strategic points and an old fort now filled with German prisoners of war. Queen's has done well in the war. Several members of the staff are at the front. One is in command of a company of engineers, his own students, and he has won the D. S. O. Here also the campus was covered with khaki-clad men at drill. They were there in the gathering dusk; and they were there in the morning. Strings of mounted men, two and two, passed in silhouette against the gray lake at the end of the street. A smart sentry stood at the austere stone portal of the Tête du Pont barracks. Through the gate, one saw men in khaki drilling. The second story of the stone buildings inside

the wall are loop-holed for musketry; the *enceinte* contains the ruins of Frontenac's fort. Parties of men in uniform are constantly on the move through the streets. One band is armed with blue-enamelled mugs and plates, plainly on their way to dinner. Another is on its way to exercise. It is not unfitting to lift one's hat to the young officer at the head; he is doing what the man past military age envies him for. He returns a grave and formal salute.

After business had been transacted, a visit was proposed to the dance at the Royal Military College. Let not the budding officers be blamed for levity in war-time. It was the first dance in three years, and it was turned into a subscription affair for the benefit of the Red Cross. The ball-room was the huge gymnasium, roofed with evergreens and bright with bunting. Pretty girls had come from Toronto and Ottawa and Montreal to attend, for R. M. C. dances are famous. Here is one of the few places where the historic scarlet tunic is still to be seen, which was first worn by Cromwell's Ironsides. There is no senior class at R. M. C. this year; they went to the war. Some of these healthy, well-mannered children who are dancing so merrily will receive commissions at Christmas. Cadet A. will. One of his brothers is a sub-lieutenant on a British man-of-war; another is a cadet in the Royal Naval College; the eldest brother, who was his father's right hand in the business, has enlisted as a private. Cadet B. has one brother a prisoner of war in Germany. Two others are serving in England. The college was founded not to supply officers to the army; at first only four commissions were offered to each graduating class. It was expected, however, that when a crisis arose many R. M. C. graduates would offer their services to their country. Long lists of names on the walls prove that that hope was not in vain; but they are not called a roll of honor.

At a little riverside town there was a Red Cross meeting in the assembly-room of the high school. A passing stranger had been induced to make an address. He told those inland people of things not to be found in the newspapers, the daring and discipline of the British sailor, the exploits of the British navy, and drew omens from a cast of the Nike Apteros perched on the school piano. He was followed by a boy in khaki who had grown up in the town and was known to all present. He told a halting tale, of being one of two hundred survivors out of his battalion which had gone into action twelve hundred strong, the Second C. E. F. They held their particular trench before Ypres until their cartridges ran out; they had to fall back, and they were slaughtered. The battalion lost all its officers but one. He rallied the remnant, and, on receiving fresh supplies and supports, led his few forward again to an advanced trench, which they held for four days, until further orders. The private describes this officer as "brave"; it is almost the only adjective he uses. He tells his plain tale without a shade of emotion, but he shifts awk-

wardly about as he speaks. He was shot through both legs and had to crawl a mile to the dressing-station. "I didn't want the Germans to get me," he explains simply.

Another town boy spoke. He had gone the year before with the local battery, and had been "gassed," which accounted for the heavy sweater he wore under his tweed coat. He made small jokes in rather a low voice, and his story was not so clear. It was plain, however, that he had made several abortive efforts to enter other campaigns and was ready to return to the front.

One little scene on the homeward journey stands out clearly in the memory. At a wayside station there seemed to be unusual excitement, and three cheers were heard, such as a small crowd might give. As the train started, the platform came into view covered with people all looking in one direction, where one plainly dressed woman was leading away another with an arm round her waist. Somebody said: "Another soldier going to the front."

In the smoker were two men. One was a young giant of a signaller, in puttees, brown bandolier, and spurs like a mounted rifleman. He had been sent back to Canada after two operations and he weighs twenty pounds less than his normal 190. In fact, he ought to be in hospital now, but he is returning to the front as soon as possible. His younger brother, only nineteen, has been killed, and he has seen the handiwork of the Germans for himself. He is frank, courteous, quietly self-possessed; and though his face has a sick look, his clear brown eyes are very steady.

His companion was a raw recruit, an unusually well-built youth in mufti. Only the night before he had heard a famous recruiting sergeant speak: "And I couldn't hold back." He was giving up a good position in a bank to be a private in the 116th Battalion, C. E. F., and the prospect of the great prize of death in battle, as Lowell calls it. The two represent the twenty thousand sons of the soil from the Maritime Provinces. Each one has given up something to be a soldier. The recruiting sergeant whose appeal the young bank-clerk could not resist left his ranch in Arizona and came back to Canada to enlist. He was severely wounded in the fierce fighting before Ypres last spring, and has come home crippled. His recruiting speeches are like the appeals of a hot gospeller. He has "signed on" personally twenty-three hundred men; but his wound has broken out again, and he has to go into hospital for a very serious operation.

These are merely a few of the "things seen," in a hasty railway journey through half the country. The great West was not seen. There men wait for the doors of the recruiting booths to open.

One notices a reaction from the war upon those who are not in khaki. The old kind friends are, if possible, kinder still. All human intercourse is simpler, heartier. There is a deeper interest of each in all. Canada is really a small country, in spite of its vast size; people in the extreme West know oth-

ers in the remote East. There are many letters of condolence to be written or notes of inquiry about the wounded. We have all our stake in the war, and it may be our turn to-morrow. "Before it is over, we shall all be acquainted with grief," said a man who let his only son go last autumn and is himself at the front. There is less selfishness. No popular subscription, for Red Cross, or machine-guns, or travelling kitchens, or "smokes," or Christmas presents for the soldiers, ever falls through. The people always have money to give away. The Canadian women are all busy in one way or another in providing comforts for the men at the front, or making arrangements for their return, or benefiting those who remain at home to train.

The business situation is satisfactory, according to the annual report of our leading bank. A huge and growing industry is the making of munitions. When the Government attempted to raise a war loan of fifty million dollars, the people subscribed a hundred millions. Such a success would have been impossible even ten years ago.

There are some blots on the 'scutcheon. The inevitable army contractor has done after his kind. Some *canaille* have made their filthy money out of the nation's blood and tears. There have been too many political appointments of worthless men to safe and lucrative positions in the forces; but these are soon found out and returned from England with thanks. In spite of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's magnificent example, the French remain rather apathetic; a couple of "Nationalists" spout treason unrebuked. Some journalists of the baser sort and some small-bored politicians have attempted to break the party truce; but the vast mass of the people is sound at heart and determined, like the rest of the Empire, to see the war through.

Notes from the Capital

ANDREW D. WHITE.

One American to whom the recent trend of affairs in Europe must have brought especial distress is Dr. Andrew D. White, perhaps the most distinguished example of the scholar in politics our country produced during his generation. Fortunately, a man of eighty-three can bear these things with more philosophy than one of half that age. Dr. White not only received part of his higher education at Oxford, Paris, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, but he has twice served us in a diplomatic capacity at the Russian court—once as Attaché and once as Minister—and has been at various times our Minister and our Ambassador to Germany. Thus he has been brought into relations of unusual intimacy with the Governments of two of the great Continental Powers arrayed against each other in the present war. His service in Germany was most noteworthy, for he saw that country first under the elder Wilhelm and his faithful Bismarck, and the second time after the reigning Kaiser had been nine years on the throne.

The changes which had occurred in the

interval were almost inconceivable. The army which, under Wilhelm I, was merely an efficient instrument of force reserved for use in offensive and defensive emergencies, had become, under the old man's grandson, the master of the German people. Everything else was made to bow down before it. The youth of the empire were educated with reference to one day taking their places in it. The military code, economic and ethical, was everywhere dominant. The whole social structure had been remodelled on straight lines and right angles, and woe to him who should try a diagonal short-cut without authority from above. In another important respect the new Germany was unlike the old: that was, in its attitude towards things American. The sense of friendliness which had made German Day almost as much of a festival in the United States as in the Fatherland seemed to have been forgotten, and in its place Dr. White faced a thinly veiled and plainly contemptuous hostility. The war for Cuban independence was brewing when he reached his Ambassadorial post, and broke out soon afterwards; and the military magnates and the lizard press of Berlin vied with each other in sneering intimations of our inability to cope with Spain. Here was the supreme test of self-restraint for a proud man and a good patriot; but Dr. White overcame a thousand temptations to retort, and so bore himself that, after the Cuban war had ended in a complete triumph for our arms, he stayed on for four years more, intrenching himself firmly in the respect of the cultivated class of Germans and receiving marked honors from the Kaiser, who presented him, at parting, with the gold medal of the Empire of Science and Art, which is conferred annually upon the one person in the world whom the German Government deems worthiest of it. The next year Dr. White represented the United States at the Hague Conference, and took part in deliberations designed to do away, all over the earth, with the militaristic ideals which Wilhelm II was trying to fasten upon Germany, and was chiefly instrumental in persuading Andrew Carnegie to build the International Peace Palace.

Though Dr. White, like his fellow-scholar President Wilson, has devoted the study of a life-time to history and political science, he has not ignored the natural sciences, the fine arts, literature, or religion, for all these elements, he will tell you, enter largely into the composition of history in its broader sense. He has added, also, a valuable contribution of personal activity in the politics of his own country. He attended the Republican National Convention of 1864 which renominated Lincoln, and that of 1872 which performed the same office for Grant, and took a conspicuous part in that of 1884, where he was among the small group of delegates who strove to prevent the nomination of Blaine, but supported him in the campaign in deference to the expressed will of their party. Neither has he been above taking his own chances at the polls as a candidate, and one of these adventures bore fruit in the great success of his career; for his election to the New York State Senate brought him into close contact with Ezra Cornell, the millionaire land-owner, who listened sympathetically to his plea for the foundation of a university in the interior of the State on a basis so liberal that any boy who craved an education could obtain one there, no matter how poor or friendless he might be. Cornell's consent was conditioned upon White's promise to take charge of the institution; and

it was the first president's manner of handling his task, coupled with a timely addition to its endowment from his private purse, which gave Cornell University its initial momentum towards the position it has since attained, carrying his name with it in its train of fame.

In everything except inches and avoirdupois, Dr. White looks his part. He is a small man, but his whitened hair and beard and his unemotional eyes stamp him as one who has lived long in the world and profited by his observation of it. His quiet habit and his somewhat precise manner of speaking, with a glint of humor showing through it here and there, give an impressive effect to whatever he has to say. It is related that he broke up a projected rebellion at Cornell University by calmly reminding the ringleaders that the University would be richer if every student quitted it and its funds were placed at interest instead of being spent upon them; so he urged all who were of their way of thinking to leave at once. That was the end of the folly. The little man who knew what he was about had conquered the big body whose chief weapon was bluster.

TATTLER.

Singers New and Old

Rivers to the Sea. By Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Vision of War. By Lincoln Colcord. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

Afternoons of April. By Grace Hazard Conkling. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

Poems. By Dana Burnet. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1.20 net.

The Laughing Muse. By Arthur Guiterman. New York: Harper & Bros. \$1 net.

Brontë Poems. (Charlotte, Emily, Anne, Branwell.) Selected and edited by Arthur C. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2 net.

Sara Teasdale stands high among the living poets of America. In an age of outpour, her constitution and her method combine to reaffirm the beneficence of limitation. Nature, rich in her gifts to Miss Teasdale, has been wisely severe in her refusals, and the poet's forbearing and chary art has enforced the continence of nature. She writes brief poems on few subjects; her diction is culled rather than copious; her imagery is unmarked by range or change. Even the verse-forms are few and obvious, though certain unrhymed poems offer to the caprice of the hour the distant courtesy of a passing salutation. I find in her no proof of that more than Gallic unreserve which a press notice sent me by her publishers is sharp enough to discover in her work; if it be there, I applaud the cunning with which Miss Teasdale has hidden her openness.

Still further, I am not sure that Miss Teasdale's second-best, which naturally exceeds her first-best in volume, is notably superior to the second-best of many other expert artists among her living compatriots. Her descriptions and monologues are forgettable; it is in her brief, passionate, un-

falteringly modelled lyrics, at once flame-like and sculpturesque like fire in a Greek urn, that her true distinction becomes manifest.

The passion which these lyrics embody is a strong, but also an unhurried, unimpetuous, clear-sighted, and self-guiding passion. Most poets in our day utilize their transitory fervors hastily, anxiously, as they might consume their hot tea and waffles in alarm lest the life-giving heat should vanish. The stay of the feeling in their minds seems only long enough to insure its rebound to the page. With Sara Teasdale the case is different; her passions endure, and she can wait. Hence the rare combination of fervor with a high, serene discretion, a poised and steadfast art, which makes the expression of feeling in these compact poems "half-ardent, half-austere." Let me quote some of these lyrics, which might fitly lesson young poets in the truth that in verse as in explosives confinement is the spring of energy:

THE LOOK

Strephon kissed me in the spring,
Robin in the fall,
But Colin only looked at me
And never kissed at all.

Strephon's kiss was lost in jest,
Robin's lost in play,
But the kiss in Colin's eyes
Haunts me night and day.

Again:

Oh, I have sown my love so wide
That he will find it everywhere;
It will awake him in the night,
It will enfold him in the air.

I set my shadow in his sight
And I have winged it with desire,
That it may be a cloud by day
And in the night a shaft of fire.

Still again:

What do I owe to you
Who loved me deep and long?
You never gave my spirit wings
Nor gave my heart a song.

But oh, to him I loved
Who loved me not at all,
I owe the little open gate
That led thru heaven's wall.

It will be seen that Miss Teasdale scars her pages with the spelling "thru." I shall retaliate for the sufferings I have undergone from the practice only by calling my persecutor "up-to-date"—a revenge which is indistinguishable from homage in the ears of all lovers of that fashion of orthography. In other points, I should sum up Miss Teasdale as the inheritor rather than the copyist of the great English tradition, the tradition of refined vigor, vigor enclosed and ensheathed in comeliness, of feelings intensely personal yet delicately human, of a life whose springs are central and intimate, however great the variety of its individual outflowings.

Mr. Lincoln Colcord finds a fit vehicle for his didactic intent, his soaring hopes, and his vast and vague benevolence in the familiar Whitmanesque prosody, with its destitution of rhyme and its poverty of rhythm,

its structurally uniform clauses, and the monolithic "I" standing in columnar relief at the beginning of many of the lines. The immunities of this prosody are beyond price. In prose, a writer must be precise and cogent; in orthodox verse, he must be imaginative and musical. The Whitmanesque rhythm absolves him from both obligations. It would hardly be unfair to Mr. Colcord to say that he paints like a logician and that he reasons like a poet.

Mr. Colcord, like many democrats, is rather autocratic with his readers. He tells me (I may note that by a slight anticipation of the barbarity of nature he addresses me as "old man") that I am a step in the tall stair leading up to Heaven's gate, and I own, after reading his book, to a sense of having been more or less freely trodden on. But for the chastening effects of this monitory experience, I might have questioned some of his positions, his assault on convention in its totality, for example. I might have said that convention means nothing more than a getting together, physical or moral, and that to deery convention in the lump or in the abstract is as unreasonable as to condemn agreement or coöperation *per se*. Woman's suffrage is a convention in Idaho, and woman's disfranchisement is a convention in New York; that both regulations are detestable is a proposition impossible to conceive.

The speed of Mr. Colcord's logic may be inferred from the deftness with which he proves the desirability of the European war. You have first to say that, spiritually, war is sanative, its evils—it includes a few evils—being merely corporal. Next, you affirm that spirit is all and body nothing; and the goal is attained with thaumaturgic celerity.

I do not wish to convey the impression that the work of Mr. Colcord is contemptible; they alone can scorn it who are prepared to despise generous purpose and moments of unclouded insight. But it may be said in no unfriendly spirit that the author is likely to grow wiser in the decline of his certainties and more effective by the contraction of his aims. I cite two brief passages:

(So long as we want and have material possessions, we will [shall] be fighting either to gain or to hold;)

I have been trying to say that the fighting of wars is our atonement for the making of them in times of peace;

For this dream presupposes universal self-control, while you are talking of free selfishness.

Nothing shall be so different then, from now;

The merit won through trials now, shall be acquired through higher trials, self-imposed;

Mr. Colcord is massive, didactic, utilitarian; author and publishers clearly regard him as the last word in modernism. Mrs. Conkling's "Afternoon of April" is dreamy, tenuous, and sybaritic; her "newness" is expressly vouched for. Has our time no real bent in verse, or is it a versatile Hercules

wielding the club with Mr. Colcord and plying the distaff with Mrs. Conkling?

Mrs. Conkling is a votaress and chorister of Keats, but I should class her rather with Moore—the two Moores, Thomas and T. Sturge—with both of whom she agrees in the view of poetry as a recessed and embowered privacy, which the sterner actualities must not disturb or profane. A beautiful seriousness, a beautiful conscientiousness, have been lavished on the perfect accomplishment of tasks which a still higher conscience and seriousness might have dissuaded the writer from undertaking. Exquisite in their own fashion, they appeal to a craving for delicacies which is half invalid and wholly gourmand.

Mrs. Conkling's specialty is audible sights, visible sounds, visible fragrances, and the whole mechanism of that fantastic reciprocity in which the senses masquerade in one another's apparel. She provides "gray-winged arias," "trudging ragged chords," singing opals, amber-colored bells, subtle lyrics for the eye, starry-browed winds, fugues of ivory roses on larkspur spires. The fragrance of sorcery, the savor as of Aladdin's lamp, which imbues such comparisons, must not blind us to the fact that the service they render to clarity or precision is highly questionable. Take Mrs. Conkling's phrase, "cadenced tints of peacock's neck." Now, a cadence and a peacock's neck are both concrete, and the show of exactness appeals to the imagination, but, in reality, the only point of coincidence between the objects, that of graduated intensity, is a subjective abstraction with which the imagination fails to cope. A vague richness is all that such similes can bestow, and Mrs. Conkling's poetical limitations are betrayed in her contentment with so meagre a reward. In a single poem the odor of mint is first spiral and then arrowy. Now, an arrow is a very different thing from a spiral, and an artist who can compare the same perfume to both in the space of fourteen lines can hardly be deeply in earnest in relating it to either.

I quote three stanzas illustrative of the creamy smoothness of the exquisite if somewhat tenuous decoction which Mrs. Conkling pours so airily from her shell-like cups of tinted china:

To-day my little Ship comes home,

And I shall tell you what it brings;
Beyond the pale enchanted foam

I see its wings.

To-day my little Ship comes home. . . .

Age-ripened wine it brings likewise:

Sharp honey from Hymettus' hill:

Clear turquoise twilights found 'neath skies
Sea-fringed and chill.

Age-ripened wine it brings, likewise.

My laden Ship comes bounding home,

To shaken throats of nightingales.

Salt crystals from Ægean foam

Cling to its sails.

To-day my little Ship comes home.

The mere quickness of mind and sparkle of phrase shown by Mr. Dana Burnet would have given his volume significance twenty-five years ago; they redeem it from insig-

nificance even now. I read his verse tepidly, with a half-compunctious sense that the credentials he proffers are very like those to which, in other works and days, my sympathies have readily responded. Beside his alertness, Whittier seems lazy and Bryant paralytic; yet Mr. Burnet is not Whittier, nor even Bryant. In the game he plays with such consummate address, the scores are dazzling, but the stakes are inconsiderable. His touches surpass his poems, for an obvious and convincing reason. In single strokes ingenuity can rival feeling, but the rivalry cannot be sustained, because feeling alone can dictate the proper abstentions.

The little poem "Paper Roses" is very good in its way:

"How camest thou by thy roses, Child?"

"I toiled at home in a little room."

"Thy window flaming with the dawn?"

"Nay, master; 'twas in fearful gloom."

"What gave thy rose its color, then?"

"My cheek's blood, as I bent my head."

"Thy cheek is cold and lifeless, Child."

"Mayhap it was my heart that bled."

"One white rose in thy basket, Child?"

"Aye, master, that's to crown the whole."

"What is it then, O Little Child?"

"Mayhap . . . mayhap it is my soul!"

Mr. Guiterman's cleverness in "The Laughing Muse" will hardly be questioned by reviewers who might be treated in their own persons to a demonstration of its satiric pungency. He draws abundant stores of ingenious rhymes from a vocabulary to whose varied resources only his own knack of comic exaggeration could render justice.

Charlotte Brontë once wrote of "In Memoriam": "It is beautiful; it is mournful; it is monotonous." The last two-thirds of this criticism would apply without change to the 380 pages of Brontë lyrics offered us by the Messrs. Putnam in a compact and comely volume, which possibly only the enthusiast, the specialist, and the reviewer will care to peruse from the first line to the end. All four writers are industriously plaintive; even Emily's world-famed courage does not hinder her from depicting a world so lugubrious that the very arch of its sky affects us like the canopy of a cat-falque. All are largely abstract and subjective, and unfold at leisure that Georgian and early Victorian psychology which the discipline of the analytic half-century that followed has taught us to deprecate as elementary and self-conscious. The technique is able; even Emily, who rhymes hardily, has that effect of finish which sometimes coheres with troops of improprieties. In all four writers I note the skilful carriage and punctual final delivery of a larger freight and firmer body of sound than is commonly manageable by the wavering amateur.

Mr. Benson, in his agreeable and modest preface, dilates on the superiority of Emily. I assent to his preference, but hardly to its incisiveness. I find the chief interest of all four in the similar though unequal exhibition of a primitive strength of temper, checked in its evolution by the deeply imbibed religious teaching and in its utter-

ance by that eighteenth-century literary tradition which they absorbed with the docility of pietists. The drama appears when in any one of the four some rebellious tone or passionate gesture pierces the conventions of that well-mannered garden-party which may stand for the eighteenth century in the imagination of the twentieth. Emily doubtless is the leader in unruliness, but expectations formed on "Wuthering Heights" will be scantily met by outbreaks whose infrequency is almost as noticeable as their power. In one quoted prose sentence there is more outleap than in pages of her unimpetuous verse: "I am more terrifically and infernally and idiotically and brutally STUPID than ever I was in the whole course of my incarnate existence." In our day a like outburst would mark only the despairing hankerer after originality; in Emily it marked its possessor. I select a passage from the verse which the reader may run over twice, once for the pensive elegy which constitutes its surface, and again for the bitter power which that mildness effectively disguises:

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade pursue—
The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless, too.

And, if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer-streams—
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

O. W. FIRKINS.

Correspondence.

"AN ALLY OF THE ALLIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although I understand how obnoxious is the anonymous to the editorial soul, still I think you will appreciate how much I should wish to have even my address unknown, and will accept the enclosed at its face value, especially as your published correspondence respecting our individual money responsibility in these awful days is in part to blame for this letter and enclosure. It is true, however, that the designated use of the sum enclosed is quite different from anything contemplated by your other correspondents. I wish this small amount [thirty dollars] to get into the hands of the British Government as the contribution of "An Ally of the Allies."

You will see that I have adopted the motto of the November *North American*; though, after all, credit for my act is hardly due to the *North American*. The impulse came, I think, with the attack upon Whitby, when several of us at the first thrill declared that we would enlist if it were possible. It was not, of course, possible; and not even this way of expressing my concern occurred to me until after I read your correspondents' notes and the *North American* article. Even then I was slow to put into execution the notion that occurred to me. For I had other uses for my

small income. This in fact represents the amount I had planned to spend in a holiday trip to attend a meeting of—scholars, no matter where. It has required, I may as well be honest, a good many pricks of conscience before I gave up the trip. Perhaps in truth I should not finally have done so had it not been for the President's programme of preparedness. I am not much in sympathy with this plan, largely because the definite object is not set forth, though I realize, of course, that there might be danger in announcing an object for our guns. However, I am convinced that a programme of some sort will be agreed upon, and feeling as I do that we have been morally delinquent in not pronouncing against the Belgium outrages and some others about which there is not room for question, no matter how much we may on some other grounds find littleness and meanness in the conduct of England, and feeling strongly that if we are ever to fight—which possibility certainly preparedness contemplates—now is the day, I wish to ally myself with those who are standing for civilization.

Will you, therefore, be good enough to transmit this small sum through the proper channels—a matter which is beyond me—to the English Government—a pledge perhaps you might call it of duty shared in, by one whose people have been American for three centuries, English for uncounted centuries before?

AMERICAN.

[We regret that we cannot undertake to distribute funds to belligerents, the *Nation's* activity in this direction being confined to the work of relieving sufferers in the war. If, on the other hand, our correspondent desires us to place his savings at the disposal of one of the numerous war-relief funds, we shall be glad to offer him a suggestion or to comply with any preference concerning them which he may have.—ED. THE NATION.]

WELLS VS. BENNETT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Stuart P. Sherman's article in the *Nation* on "The Realism of Arnold Bennett" has interested me deeply: to the point of wrath, indeed. But as I find myself agreeing with at least one of the opinions he expresses in this particular piece of special pleading, I make bold to ask a question or two that burn their way to the tongue. Mr. Sherman says: "I cannot follow a critic who finds Wells and Bennett alike in their dominant value." I cannot, any more than Mr. Sherman, follow a critic who finds Wells and Bennett alike in their dominant value—though "for different reasons," as Mr. Dooley would say. Mr. Sherman shows no sign of having read Mr. Wells's work with the loving care that he has apparently devoted to Mr. Bennett's. But he has read at least "Marriage" and "The Research Magnificent," or his text is misleading. Indeed, he informs us that "The Old Wives' Tale" makes "The Research Magnificent" look like child's play." To the honest reader, that statement certainly suggests that he has not read "The Research Magnificent," or else, alas! that—but I am not asking your valuable space to do detective work about Mr. Sherman's reading. There was certainly an element of shock in my discovery that your contributor placed

Bennett's philosophy of life above Wells's, for I had never before heard it hinted that Mr. Bennett's novels carried any such burden as a philosophy of life. Miss Rebecca West's statement that Wells "has inspired the young to demand clear thinking and intellectual passion from the governing classes" does not move me to the Voltairean laughter with which it stirs Mr. Sherman. (The passage about "sexual regularity" in the sentence quoted I leave out, for one is at liberty to infer that it is not the sexual irregularity in Wells's character that Mr. Sherman objects to: does he not expressly say that one rejoices when Sophia does not slip into Chirac's arms—"not because one's moral sense is gratified," but because of something else?) Either Mr. Sherman thinks that Mr. Wells's novels do not inspire the young to demand clear thinking and intellectual passion from the governing classes, or he thinks that it is not worth while to inspire any one to demand these of anybody. From his glorification of Mr. Bennett, one might almost be tempted to think the latter. In either case—considering "The Research Magnificent"—one cannot but disagree with him.

It is when he comes to Mr. Bennett's work itself that the questions put themselves irresistibly. I have not read Arnold Bennett's work, apart from the fiction, but as Mr. Sherman professes to find the fiction corroborative and illustrative of the novelist's theories elsewhere expressed, that can do no particular harm. Does it really seem to any one except your contributor that in "The Old Wives' Tale" Mr. Bennett has developed the "spiritual truth" that "only a sweet and virtuous soul, like seasoned timber, never gives"—or any *spiritual* truth whatsoever? (And in what chapter, by the way, does Constance "quietly and proudly starve in" her "respectability, rather than touch a morsel of forbidden food"?) One grants, of course, that Sophia and Constance are respectable; one rejoices in that fact as much as Mr. Sherman could; one rejoices in it, even—as he says he does not—because one's moral sense is gratified. But surely the achievement of this most considerable work of Mr. Bennett's (which I myself, on the low ground of technique, admire exceedingly) is scientific, if anything: it consists in photographing the Five Towns for us, and in taking us through three generations of a family, with a plausible treatment of the forces of heredity and environment. It is a sordid book; the people in it are small when they are not sordid; and there is not as much spiritual quality among them as would cover the point of a needle. Sophia makes a brave gesture in Paris—but the whole significance of that gesture lies in its being Five Towns thrift and self-centredness (pardon the word!) that come out in her even in that exotic atmosphere.

Even the Five Towns are not significant unless they are looked at from the point of view of something bigger than the Five Towns. A Five Towns character has been known to regard Bursley critically in relation to London or Paris, but has it ever occurred to a Five Towns character to consider the Five Towns in relation to the universe? When Sophia gets used to the clothes and restaurants of Paris, and the free spending of money, the inward adventure really ends for her. If I may be permitted to say it, there has never been an English author who banked more completely than Mr. Bennett on all that part of life which is physical. Mr. Wells's interests are seraphic, compared

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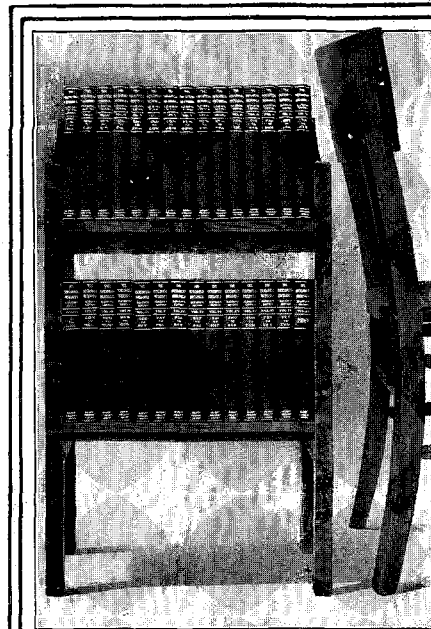
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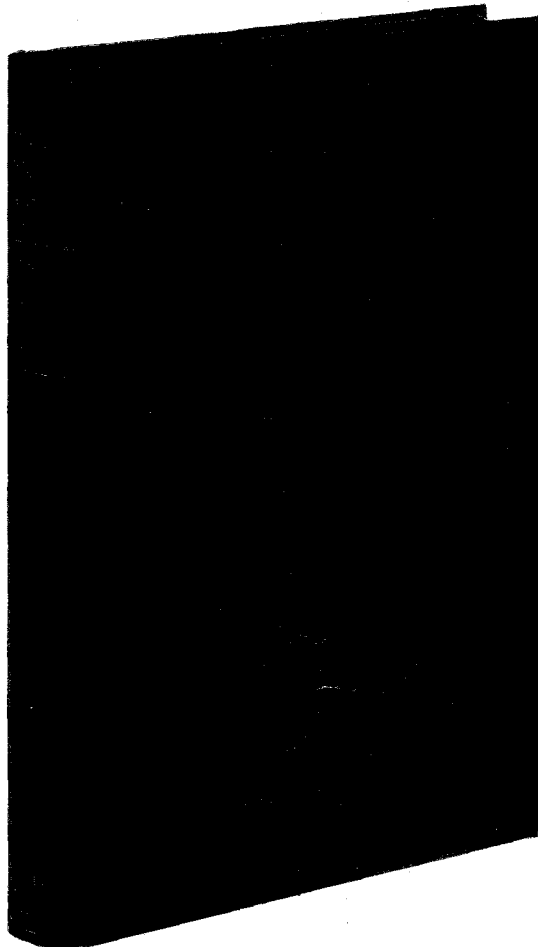
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Prof. W. A. Neilson, of the Department of English at Harvard, writes about the "HANDY VOLUME" issue, under date of November 17th, 1915:

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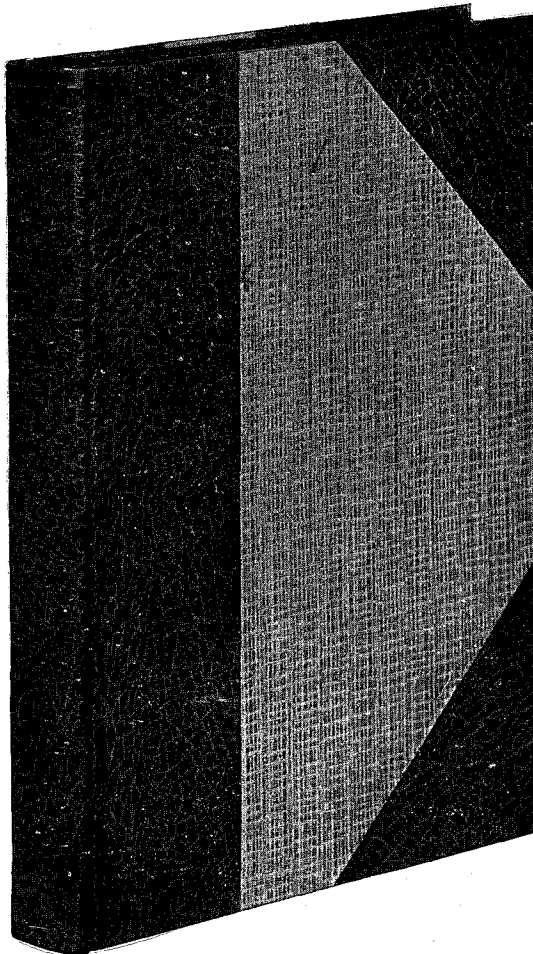
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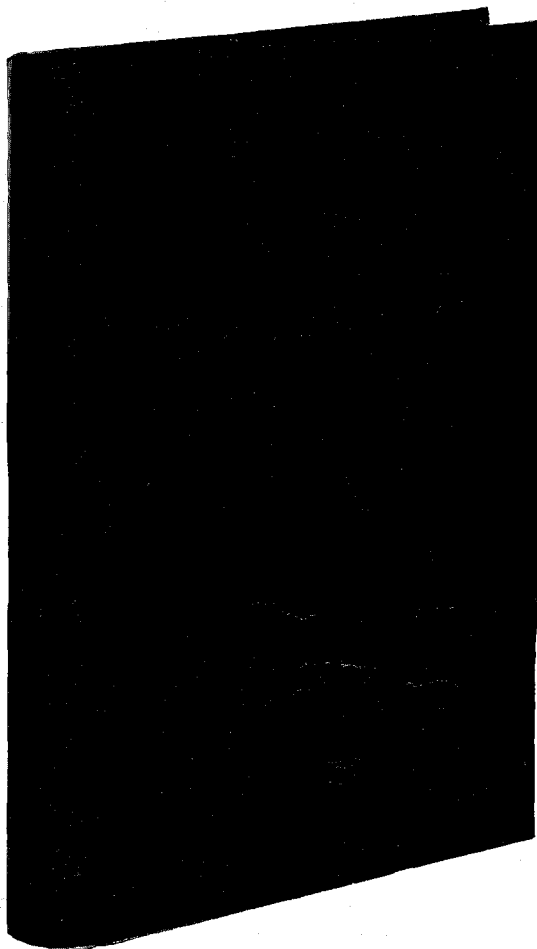
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with his. How people look, what they eat and wear, how they furnish their houses, how they make or save or lose money, how they grind the face of the poor, what little social ambitions they indulge in—are we ever, except in the one case of Clayhanger, told more than this? Mr. Sherman commends, in Mr. Bennett, scorn of the body and the mind in the interests of the soul. Excellent; but where does he find proof of a soul in any of these people (bar Clayhanger) save by reason of the general belief that we all have souls, of necessity? If ever there was a sculless lot in fiction, it is the inhabitants of Five Towns. They have a deal of sturdy, suspicious common-sense. In fact, you may be sure that it was common-sense that kept Sophia out of Chirac's arms. Well, it is better to be respectable through common-sense than not at all; but I should not call that spiritual insight.

And Mr. Bennett's people "plan their lives in conventions." *Il ne manquait que cela!* One can only believe that Mr. Sherman's one conception of a convention, in spite of all he says, is "sexual regularity." For of the other conventions that have been slowly wrought by the "mind of the race" (which Mr. Sherman must despise, since Mr. Wells does not), for the good of the race, there are mightily few. Kindness, courtesy, truthfulness, charitable thinking and speaking, voluntary self-sacrifice—where are those precious conventions that have been transmitted to us? We find greed, purse-pride, snobbishness, churlishness, backbiting, social meanness, and a large amount of lying. Most of these are taken for granted as being something that the individual cannot do without. Surely, planning your life in conventions means more than conforming to certain unimportant physical habits of your group. Hardly one of Mr. Bennett's characters ever thinks of anything but himself and his own desires or what he conceives to be his own dignity. If Mr. Bennett's *œuvre* is satire, or if it is merely a dark picture of life as it is in certain places and conditions, well and good. But it has nothing to do with a life planned in conventions—which I quite agree with Mr. Sherman in thinking the only fit and desirable one—and there is not a spiritual adventure in the job-lot of lives presented to us, unless it be Clayhanger's. I hope that Mr. Sherman would agree with me that the great spiritual adventure is to plan life in conventions, because one sees, altruistically, the real reason and beauty of so doing—even if one does not always see the immemorial reason and beauty of the conventions themselves. That may also be Mr. Bennett's opinion; but he certainly does not "get it across" in his novels.

As for writhing because I see in Hilda the exposure of my own unscrupulousness: I am, I hope, a humble person, but I distinctly refuse to indulge in any such debauch of humility. I do not profess to know whether men abound who writhe at the exposure, in Edwin, of their own traits. The men I know best are not "obstinately convinced" that they think straight when their wives do not; and do not—I fancy—have "hot fits of indignation" at their wives' "shifty evasions." But then, I have never known intimately a man married to a Hilda. Hilda is egotistic, ruthless, more sensual than Ann Veronica, a dishonest and shifty creature, who lies quite too easily. She gets worse as she goes on; and she emerges from the trilogy without a shred of real moral dignity. Of all the twaddle that has been talked about the Eternal Feminine,

surely the worst is saying that Hilda represents it. With a very few exceptions I do not like Mr. Wells's women myself. I think them distinctly unpleasant, when they are not perfectly unreal. But they are almost decent, compared with Hilda; and certainly, in "Marriage" and "The Research Magnificent," you are not usually called upon to admire them. As far as I can make out, you are called upon by Mr. Bennett to admire Hilda to the end.

Let us damn Mr. Wells, by all means, if it amuses us. The critic must get his amusement somewhere, one supposes. But—and this is my last question—is it necessary, in order to damn Mr. Wells, to exalt Mr. Bennett for qualities that he does not possess, and that one fancies he does not pretend to—unless with his tongue in his cheek?

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD.

Princeton, N. J., December 29, 1915.

THE REV. MR. MASON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the very interesting book note on "Abigail Adams and a Forgotten Poet," in your last issue, Mr. John Thomas Lee says: "The Rev. Mr. Mason has long been a forgotten poet. Two things only, so far as I am aware, have served to keep his name alive: his friendship for the poet Gray, from whom he received many letters, and his famous line on Hume, which finds a place in Bartlett's Quotations:

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."

Mr. Lee has evidently forgotten the famous "Letters" of Horace Walpole. In the first twelve volumes there are almost as many letters to William Mason as to Sir Horace Mann, Gen. Conway, and the Countess of Upper Ossory—Walpole's closest friends. That Walpole was a great admirer of William Mason, the following extracts from his letters would show: To Mason—"Though I cannot bear your flinging away your talents on a province or country town; you was born to fill the mouth of fame, and not to be proclaimed by a penny trumpet at a village fair." "Remember, I have never printed anything of yours yet, and my press cannot die in peace till it does." And with some verses: "It is a great presumption to send poetry from the sexton of Parnassus to the high priest." "You have but to shut the door of your room and take your pen and choose your place on Parnassus. . . you may be sure I am sincere, by my worship of Gray and you."

The friendship of Walpole and Mason lasted from early manhood until 1784—when Walpole was sixty-six years old. Then a coolness arose over political matters, Mason and their mutual friend, Lord Harcourt, supporting the King, while Walpole used his influence on the side of Charles Fox in the India bill.

ISABEL VAN TYNE.

Ann Arbor, December 19, 1915.

TEACHERS IN PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Virtually all of Professor MacDonald's argument in the *Nation* of November 25 might be applied with equal force to a consideration of improvement in the condition of another large class of teachers—I mean the inchoate body of instructors in private

secondary schools. The tenure of office is determined, even more than that of college professors, by the whim of higher officials and trustees. In many cases it is dependent upon fulfilling the commercial test of keeping boys in the schools or of being successful in preparing candidates for college entrance examinations. To do this with the class of pampered, weak-kneed pupils who frequently come to private schools is a task that requires all a man's ingenuity and strength. Yet the teacher has little consideration paid his own needs for recreation and mental growth. If the school is far from larger cities, he has no chance for outside interests, nothing to take his attention away from the narrowing demands of the daily job that is before his eyes every moment of the day and night. If he is able to survive these conditions from one vacation to the next, he is often unable to overcome others that positively tend to ruin his physical health: poor food, badly lighted schoolrooms, and the like. The health of the teacher, which is only beginning to receive attention in our most advanced schools, is totally disregarded in the great majority of cases.

Again, if professors are poorly paid, what can be said of the meagre salaries given to the ordinary teacher in private secondary schools? Some few there are which give a man a respectable stipend after years of labor; but even these do not always equal the minimum standard set by the public-school systems of our large cities. I pass by those pitiful schools run by an individual for his own profit or by a taskmaster, driven himself by a so-called board of trustees, whose only interest is to gain the largest possible dividends from their investment. Even in the best class of private schools, salaries are based, not on a man's deserts, but upon variations in the income from their endowments. The least that any laborer in these days can demand is warm clothing, nourishing food, and a little fun. No teacher should find himself compelled, through no fault of his own, to do evening-school work, summer office work, camp guiding, or any one of all the other odd jobs by which a good many are now driven to eke out their inadequate salaries.

As for the status of the private-school teacher, what can be said? Public-school teachers have a recognized standing in the educational world, and by their solidarity are able to maintain that standing. Your private-school teacher is in a position of the utmost confusion. He gets the best job he can from year to year; and if he is worth anything at all, he finally goes into business or gets a position in the public-school system of one of our larger cities, or goes into college teaching. The few really good men who honestly prefer private-school work must try for one of the more stable schools, or must face the time when, on account of the failure of the institution, they find themselves without a job or a chance to get one. There is, at the present time, absolutely no inducement for a man to devote his life to secondary-school teaching as it is found among the large number of private schools.

I will not attempt to do more than point out the important position of the private school in our present educational system. With the enormous growth of the public schools, and their attendant disregard for intellectual achievement and high scholarship,

it may be said that almost without exception the private school is the only institution that attempts to give an education as distinguished from a schooling. If ever investigation were needed, it is into the qualifications, rewards, and conditions of the men who are entrusted with this important branch of education. That all attempts for improvement will meet with the most determined opposition from petty commercial interests, goes without saying. Yet there are plenty of organizations that might properly turn their attention to the question. Bodies like the New England Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, the Harvard Teachers' Association—to mention only a few that are prominent here in New England—now devote their time to purely academic questions of pedagogy, whereas they might well become forces that would bring order and contentment into the intolerable conditions that exist in our private secondary schools.

ACADEME.

Cambridge, Mass., December 27, 1915.

APPOSITE QUOTATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In making a study of eighteenth-century poets, I have run across these passages that seemed curiously apposite to the present situation:

When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,
When the cries of blood tear horror from heav'n,
And yelling Death runs up and down the ranks,
Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen,
Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,
Enerve my soldiers; let Liberty
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.
The enemy fight in chains, invisible chains, but heavy;
Their minds are fettered, then how can they be free?
While, like the mounting flame,
We spring to battle over floods of death!
(William Blake: "King Edward the Third," 1783.)

But vain the sword and vain the bow,
They never can work War's overthrow.
The hermit's prayer and the widow's tear
Alone can free the world from fear.

For a tear is an intellectual thing
And a sigh is the sword of an Angel King,
And the bitter groan of the martyr's woe,
Is an arrow from the Almighty's bow.
(Blake, in the Pickering MS., c. 1803.)

A.—You told me, I remember, glory, built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt; . . .
B.—I grant that, men continuing as they are,
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war;
And never meant the rule should be applied
To him that fights with justice on his side. . . .
But let eternal infamy pursue
The wretch to nought but his ambition true,
Who, for the sake of filling with one blast
The post-horns of all Europe, lays her waste.
Think yourself stationed on a towering rock,
To see a people scattered like a flock,
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels,
With all the savage thirst a tyger feels;
Then view him, self-proclaimed in a gazette
Chief monster that has plagued the nations yet:
The globe and sceptre in such hands misplac'd,
Those ensigns of dominion, how disgraced!
The glass that bids man mark the fleeting hour,
And Death's own scythe would better speak his power.
(Cowper: "Table Talk," 1782.)

The coincidence of Christian and humanitarian sentiments expressed a hundred and thirty years ago with those current to-day offers, it seems to me, food for reflection.

LLEWELLYN M. BUELL.

Syracuse, N. Y., December 18, 1915.

Literature

LETTERS OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort. Edited, with an Introduction, by George S. Hellman. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10 net.

We had supposed, or at least had hoped, that the day had passed when editorial work such as these two handsomely printed volumes display could be offered to a critical public. The correspondence here printed comprises ninety-three letters or parts of letters, and, in addition, three communications of dates different from those of the letters to which they are here attached, and which may or may not, apparently, have been separately dispatched. Of the ninety-three pieces, at least fifty-three have already been printed, in whole or in part, in the "Life and Letters" of Irving, compiled by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, and published in four volumes in 1863. The latter work would appear to be the source from which Charles Dudley Warner drew the numerous extracts from the same letters which appear in his biography of Irving in the American Men of Letters series. Mr. Hellman, in his introduction, notes the fact that the correspondence was used "to some extent" by Pierre M. Irving, but his pages give no indication whatever of what has or what has not been printed previously. Moreover, the manuscripts of some seven letters are said to be unobtainable, and recourse has accordingly been had, "in some of these instances," to the extracts from them in the "Life and Letters." As a matter of fact, however, only four such letters are so indicated in these volumes; and the last one, written at Paris in July, 1842, is prefaced by the curious statement that "a portion of this missing manuscript follows." Even with the aid of printed copies the Brevoort series is not, apparently, complete. A prefatory note by the publisher states that the volumes include "all but six or seven" of Irving's letters to Brevoort, but fails to indicate where those letters may be found or why they were not included. If the reference is to the possible seven which the editor speaks of as unobtainable, the statement of the publisher hardly squares with the indications of the editor. If printed texts were to be used where manuscripts were lacking, there would seem to be no good reason why the editor should discriminate; and the first volume of the "Life and Letters" contains at least three letters, besides a postscript to a fourth, which Mr. Hellman seems to have omitted.

As the manuscripts, save for two illustrative facsimiles, from which the letters are now printed are not available for comparison, the accuracy with which the texts are reproduced cannot be questioned without obvious reservation. A comparison of the present texts with those of the "Life and Letters," however, even making all due al-

lowance for the literary alteration and modernizing which the earlier compiler felt at liberty to carry out, raises an uncomfortable doubt. One cannot but suspect that such an enigmatic passage as "How does Gertrude—Peter, Billy Taylor—Gilpin—old Konapot curl? The King of Clouts &c &c &c wrote me three lines concerning each of them" (I, 33, 34) is correctly transcribed, not by Mr. Hellman, but by the editor of the "Life and Letters," where the text reads *write* instead of "wrote." The marks of omission in the letter of March 16, 1811 (I, 41), found also in the earlier printed text, need explanation if the present editor is really following the manuscript; and why are similar marks omitted by Mr. Hellman at the end of the last paragraph but one of this same letter? The letter of August 28, 1817 (II, 45, 46), contains three variations from the earlier text: *impossible* for "inaccessible," *taxing* for "teasing," and *some* for "about seven"; while the next letter, of October 10, shows not less than seven such variations, including *bachelors' intimacy* for "bachelor intimacies," *banded* for "blended," and the curious "I feel gratified by the execution my friends are making to get me the situation in London" (II, 59), where "execution" should doubtless read *exertion*. The letter of August 2, 1819 (II, 105), lacks an entire paragraph found in the same piece in the "Life and Letters"; and the next, of August 12, obviously misreads a long s, and turns "the same way as my first number" into "the former way," etc. Further variants are *approbation* for "appreciation" (II, 175), *completion* for "conclusion" (II, 197), and *pack* for "poem" (II, 231). The most startling discrepancy is found in a letter of February 23, 1828, from Madrid, given by Mr. Hellman as an "excerpt from a letter the manuscript of which is missing." Two sentences of the first paragraph of this letter, as the text appears in the "Life and Letters," are here replaced by marks of omission, and two entire paragraphs are left out altogether.

We are, of course, aware that comparisons based upon printed texts alone, where manuscript originals are alleged to have been used, are by no means conclusive. In view of the fact, however, that a comparison of the two facsimile specimens of Irving's manuscript, which Mr. Hellman gives, with the latter's printed texts, shows thirteen errors of transcription, besides two words supplied, in the first, and seventeen errors in the second, it is a fair presumption that all the variations in text between these volumes and the "Life and Letters" are not due solely to errors in the latter work.

Nor is this all. Here are two volumes of the correspondence of intimate friends, filled with names, often the familiar appellations, of relatives or mutual acquaintances, and with allusions to local circumstances, places, or interests; and yet edited without an explanatory note from beginning to end, and without even an index. Only a reader intimately acquainted with Irving's career, and more than ordinarily informed about the

early local history of New York, not to mention the literary and political history of England and France in the first third of the nineteenth century, can hope to recognize such an array of names and allusions. Who, for example, was "the divine Hen" to whom reference is several times made, and whose personality Pierre M. Irving thought well to conceal under the cryptic "H—"? "Moore's new poem is just out," writes Irving in June, 1817. "I have not sent it to you, for it is dear and worthless." The poem was "Lalla Rookh," but there is nothing in the text to indicate either its title or its nature. "My last work has a good run in England," Irving wrote in December, 1824. The "last work" was the "Tales of a Traveller." The long and frequent gaps in the correspondence, also, might at least have suggested an explanatory appendix. To publish a work of this sort without either notes or index may not, indeed, attain the gravity of a literary crime, but it is certainly, from any point of view, a high misdemeanor.

Any such collection of correspondence, however, even though it be badly edited, cannot fail to be of interest; and there are few of these pages that will not afford literary or biographical pleasure. Substantively, they corroborate and enforce the view of Irving's life and writings familiar in the two accounts already referred to; beyond that, their contribution is incidental rather than primary. The first letter, dated October 23, 1807, was written from Philadelphia, where Irving was finding material in the library which necessitated some alterations in the first volume of "Knickerbocker." The next five letters, the last dated September 22, 1810, are full of pleasant chat about mutual friends in New York, the quiet life at Kinderhook, and a northern journey of Brevoort. Of the remaining letters in the first volume, all but seven have been used, albeit in some cases in small part only, by Irving's biographers; and the unused portions contain little that is significant beyond the insertion of the full names of persons whose identity was concealed in the "Life and Letters." An unpublished letter of March 17, 1812, charges Brevoort, "in haste and anxiety," to break off at once all connection with John Henry, whose intrigues with the Governor of Canada and the Massachusetts Federalists had lately been made known, and who was on the point of sailing for Europe in Brevoort's company. The warning was repeated in July.

In May, 1815, Irving sailed for England to visit his brother, and the larger number of the letters which follow belong to the seventeen years of his sojourn abroad. He loathed the unavoidable preoccupation in business which shortly ensued, and wrote gloomily of his depressed state of mind; nevertheless, the sunlight broke through now and then. "The present life I lead," he wrote in October, 1815, "is utterly destitute of anecdote, or anything that could furnish interest or embellishment to a letter—and my imagination is too much jaded by pounds,

shillings, and pence to be able to invent facts or adorn realities" (I, 124); but he is able, notwithstanding, to spin out three pages of agreeable gossip about his friends and his social doings. The same alternation of despondency and gayety continued until the affairs of the business failure in which he was involved had been settled in the bankruptcy court. "I have attempted," he wrote from Birmingham in July, 1816, "to divert my thoughts into other channels; to revive the literary feeling & to employ myself with my pen; but at present it is impossible. My mind is in a sickly state and my imagination so blighted that it cannot put forth a blossom nor even a green leaf—time & circumstances must restore them to their proper tone" (I, 163, 164). Yet it is in this same letter that one finds the charming account of a meeting with "a veteran angler of old Izaak Walton's school," which forms the first sketch of one of the best-known characters in the "Sketch Book." Again, in November of the same year, he apologizes for not writing oftener: "some how or other there has been such a throng of worldly cares hurrying backward & forward through my mind for a long time past, that it is even as bare as a market place; and when I do take hold of my pen, I feel so poverty struck, such mental sterility, that I throw it down again in despair of writing anything that should give you gratification" (I, 175). Thereupon he adds the delightful sketch of his brother Peter and the company of players at Buxton, and of the odd personages to be seen at that watering-place.

For the period 1817-21 the correspondence is more ample, not less than forty-two of the letters here presented belonging to those five years. Until the late summer of 1820, Irving was in England. In May, 1817, he forwarded sheets of part of the "two first volumes" of Campbell's "Specimens of the British Poets," for which he hoped that Brevoort might be able to find an American publisher. He longed to return home, but business entanglements still held him. Moreover, he was poor, and frankly dreaded to transfer the struggle for a living to New York, where "every scene of past enjoyment would be a cause of regret and discontent. . . . If I must scuffle with poverty, let me do it out of sight—where I am but little known—where I cannot even contrast present penury with former affluence" (II, 41, 42). Happily, music proved a resource. "As one mode of battling with the foul fiend during the long and gloomy trial I have undergone," he writes in April, 1818, "I took hold of my flute again and put myself under the tutorship of a master; and now begin to know one end of the instrument from the other" (II, 68). Before the summer of this year was over he had made London his headquarters, and was preparing a new edition of "Knickerbocker," with two engraved illustrations from drawings by Leslie and Allston. By the following March the first number of the "Sketch Book" was ready, and thereafter the letters contain frequent references to that work, and to the author's

delight in its favorable reception. Students of the text will be interested in the letters of June 28 and August 12, 1819, in which Irving notes several changes which he wishes made in a new edition. A long letter of April 14, 1821, written at Paris, besides giving some account of the steamboat enterprise in which Irving had rashly invested five thousand dollars, affords an insight also to the freedom with which he drew upon Brevoort for money.

For the period subsequent to Irving's return to America, in 1832, there are only three letters: one a brief note, another a fragment written while Irving was in Paris, in July, 1842, on his way to Madrid to begin his career as American Minister; and a third from Bordeaux, in November, 1843, where the writer paused on his way back to Spain after two or three months' absence on account of illness.

The publishers have taken the occasion to call attention appreciatively to the peculiarly intimate relations which existed between Irving and the founder of their house. Mr. Hellman's introduction, besides giving some hitherto unpublished extracts from letters by or to Irving, supplies to a small extent, in its running comment on the correspondence, the lack of notes already referred to. Mechanically, the volumes leave little to be desired. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty numbered copies, of which two hundred and twenty-five are offered for sale.

CURRENT FICTION.

SLAVS: SANE AND INSANE.

Taras Bulba: A Tale of the Cossacks. Translated from the Russian of Nicolai V. Gogol by Isabel Hapgood. With an Introduction. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Homo Sapiens: A Novel in Three Parts. By Stanislaw Przybyszewski. Translated from the Polish by Thomas Seltzer. The same.

The Signal, and Other Stories. By W. M. Garshin. Translated from the Russian by Capt. Rowland Smith, of the British Embassy, Petrograd. The same.

Besides the present group, this publisher has recently issued versions from Lermontov, Andreiev, and Gorky—a considerable addition to our store in English of Slavic fiction. The translation of Gogol needs no bush: Miss Hapgood was a pioneer among translators from the Russian. She had rendered Gogol's chief works of fiction some twenty years ago, including the famous tale, "Taras Bulba." However, the present version has, she says, "been so completely revised that it is practically new." Her introduction has little to say about Gogol, but a good deal about the phases of Russian history and character dealt with in the tale. The strange complexity of Gogol's character and genius has recently been enlarged upon in the *Nation* (issue of November 18, pp. 592-594). Radical as an artist, he was reactionary as a man;

founder of Russian realism, he did not outgrow romance, and wrote nothing stronger than this little epic of Cossack life. The epical intention is clear, and even its sources. The simple, direct narrative, broken only by extended pictorial similes and by long rhetorical outbursts of vaunt or lament, is not by accident suggestive of Homer. Here, too, the romance of sex, though poignantly embodied in the tragic loves of Taras's younger son, Andrii, and the beautiful Polish girl who is his hereditary enemy—this romance, as in Homer, is subordinated to the romance of combat and of conquest. Old Taras is an heroic, memorable figure, a Cossack Odysseus, indomitably young with all his years, able to out-fight, out-drink, and out-suffer his sons and the softer generation they stand for; terrible in his strength and his ruthlessness.

No more striking contrast could be imagined than that between such a nature as this, full, with all its "frightfulness," of primitive health and nobility, and the central figure of "Homo Sapiens." Here, as in the "Breaking-Point" of Artzibashef, but far more markedly, is the degenerate offspring of that Slavic realism of which Gogol is the accredited grandsire. Here, as in "The Breaking-Point," and in that proud boast of the season here in America, "The 'Genius,'" the fated "temperament" is the true hero; here once more the intimate and obvious relations of Art and lust are exhibited. Here once more we are shown the disgusting one, the "artist," the thing of intense and meaningless mental and sensual activities—and urged to hail him as the modern protagonist. Here once more we are shown a world of infinite meanness, physical and moral and spiritual—and assured that upon it and nothing else is to be based a new art, "the great, wonderful art, the art of new worlds, worlds transcending phenomena, transcending knowledge, transcending tangible forms, worlds so ingraspably fine that all distances vanish and melt, worlds comprehended in one movement, one flash of a second. . . . And new symbols, new colours, new sounds." And what is the exhibit? As usual, a practice of life which aims to make every experience an orgasm; a paltry and impotent negation of all the principles which alone can succor us from the torment of everlasting nightmare. Diabolism surely! since naturalism, animalism, are terms far too respectable for the connection. That so base a figment should be offered as a "love story" argues either a strange abuse of the publisher's intermediary function or a hopelessly "modern" confusion of terms.

The collection of sketches and tales by Garshin is the work of a Russian now first turned into English, and a work of real moment for sane English readers. This writer was known, it is true, as "the melancholiac," and lived his short life in the shadow of madness. Nervously excitable from childhood, at seventeen he had to be under guard for a time, and he died in 1888, at thirty-three, as the

result of injuries inflicted upon himself during one of his seizures. He produced so little that most of his work is included in the present volume. His stories are not "pleasant"; several of them are grewsome in the extreme. The story of "Four Days" brings to bear upon one of the horrors of war a realism which one would gladly forget. A prostitute is heroine of the longest of the tales, and another, "A Night," sketches a hopeless struggle with oncoming madness. It may all be made to sound ugly enough in the summary. Yet the book is not repulsive, is somehow free from the phosphorescence of degenerate "art": a clear light of human sympathy, of faith in human goodness, burns here, though behind a veil. Hysteria is not foisted upon us as emotion, or lust as love. In short, this melancholiac, this madman, has within him, however shrouded, the spiritual health and force which creates, and which distinguishes the voice of art from the sound and fury of the charlatans. Here is the true and fruitful realism, fact recorded without regard for its surface seemliness or unseemliness, if it be worth interpreting. For example, the street woman has been a favorite toy and protégé of emancipated Anglo-American fiction for a decade or two. Garshin's Nadedja Nicolaevna is not an object of curiosity or of patronage. It no more occurs to him to sentimentalize her than to turn her a disgusted shoulder. She is human, she sins, she suffers with the soul that is left to her after the abandonment of her body, she remains capable of high motive and conduct. Garshin himself knew the meaning of sacrifice. Though of good family and a hater of war, he enlisted as a private at the outbreak of the war with Turkey in 1876. A number of his stories are derived from the experience. Quite the finest is also the longest, "From the Reminiscences of Private Ivanoff." Ventzel, the martinet and bully, who secretly adores his men, is a portrait of remarkable power.

H. W. BOYNTON.

HEGEL AND THE PRUSSIAN SYSTEM.

What Is Living and What Is Dead of the Philosophy of Hegel. By Benedetto Croce. Translated from the Original Text of the Third Italian Edition, 1912, by Douglas Ainslie. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.

Among the results of the war is the remarkable extent to which certain philosophical theories, simplified by rumor and reduced almost to the dimensions of a formula, have been indicted as ultimately responsible for all that has happened. This is no doubt in some measure due to a wholesome sense of the power of thought in history: in part it is an expression of the intelligible but entirely erroneous instinct to seek definite and easily distinguishable causes for overwhelming issues. Effectual as it is in human affairs, thought does not usually operate in the form of philosophy; and it is not so much to any speculative system as to the national and military policy of Prussia

from the days of Friedrich Wilhelm that we must look for unambiguous evidence of historical causation in the events of the past year.

Yet this is but a half-truth. In history there are no absolute divisions. The speculative commentary on a passing order becomes the active faith and illumination of a succeeding age. Thus even if it be impossible to establish definitely causal relations between philosophical and historical developments, there is sure to be between the two a certain solidarity of spirit and content, such that the explanation of each, whether causal or not, is bound up with that of the other.

For this reason the appearance at the present time, in an English translation, of Croce's remarkable essay on Hegel is particularly opportune. Of the translation it will be enough to remark that, though the workmanship still bears traces of the amateur hand in philosophy, as a whole the version represents an advance on Mr. Ainslie's previous performance, and has the merit of being both readable and intelligible.

The entering question in the estimation of Hegel's system is the exact significance of his method. The characteristic feature of this is a perfectly definitive logic, beginning at an exactly determined point with the concept of being, which Hegel describes as the first philosophical thought, and advancing step by step along a certain line of development in a way which admits of no variation. On the other hand, the rigid official movement of this dialectic is accompanied by a rich and suggestive commentary, gathering illustrations on every hand from literature, language, religion, tradition—in a word, from all that bears the impress of spirit and appeals to the deeper interests of mankind. The question is how far the meaning and value of Hegel's teaching is to be found in this informal commentary and in the general idealistic standpoint from which it is conceived; how far we must attach importance to the dialectic movement as such. On the whole, the view of English writers has been that, while Hegel's logic cannot be accepted in its literalness, the substance of his thought is unaltered by the fact. What is valid in Hegel is not so much the logic as its application.

Croce emphasizes the centrality of logic and its complete integration with the substance of Hegel's thought. "The perpetual youth of the Hegelian philosophy," he says, "its indomitable vigor, its unexhausted fecundity, lie, then, in the logical doctrine, and in the thought effectively in conformity with that doctrine." The double admission implied in these words leads to a difficulty which forms the crux of Croce's statement. The logic is nothing apart from the procedure which it represents. If, then, the strength and vitality of Hegel's thinking are in its logic, one would suppose it necessary to take that procedure seriously. But this Croce refuses to do:

A concrete content, taken from the history of philosophy, and in great measure

from the Philosophy of spirit, a violent and arbitrary arrangement, imposed by the false idea of an *à priori* deduction of errors: that is how the Hegelian *Logic* presents itself to me. The arrangement injures the content. . . . He who takes up the *Logic* of Hegel, with the intention of understanding its development and above all the reason of the commencement, will be obliged ere long to put down the book in despair of understanding it, or persuaded that he finds himself face to face with a mass of meaningless abstractions. But he who, like the dog of Rabelais, "a philosophical beast," instead of leaving the bone alone, takes a bite at it, now here and now there, chews it, breaks it up and sucks it, will eventually nourish himself with the substantial marrow. Hegel and his disciples after him, have persistently pointed to the door by which the *Logic* can be entered: pure *being*, from which we must gradually pass by the vestibules and up the stairs of *nothing*, of *becoming*, of *determinate being*, of *something*, of the *limit*, of *change*, of *being for self*, etc., etc.: in order to reach the sanctuary of the Goddess, or the Idea. But he who obstinately knocks at that gate and believes the false information, that such and no other must be the door and the stair, will vainly attempt to enter the palace. . . . Take the palace by assault from all sides; thus alone will you reach the interior, and penetrate to the very sanctuary. (Pp. 117-119.)

Here we find the paradox of the volume. If the essence of Hegel's philosophy is its logic, the essence of logic, one would suppose, must be the exactitude of its procedure. To reject this as insignificant, therefore, appears equivalent to rejecting the logic on which everything is made to depend. Is there any way out of the contradiction? None at all which will leave intact Hegel's claim that his philosophy be considered, in virtue of its distinctive method, an exact system of scientific speculation. Granted a new point of view, however, it may still be possible, by defining logic in other terms than those of method, to maintain the centrality, while denying the procedure, of logic. This on the whole seems to be what Croce does.

To put the matter briefly, Croce accepts the dialectic of opposites as such, but maintains that Hegel confuses opposites with something fundamentally different—what he calls "distincts." The remaining fallacies are developments due to this initial error.

By opposites we are to understand nothing technical or remote. " . . . Examples of opposite concepts are drawn from those numerous couples of words, of which our language is full and which certainly do not constitute peaceable and friendly couples. Such are the antitheses of *true* and *false*, of *good* and *evil*, *beautiful* and *ugly*, *value* and *lack of value*, *joy* and *sorrow*, *activity* and *passivity*, *positive* and *negative*, *life* and *death*, *being* and *not-being*, and so on." It is the resolution of these conflicting members into a harmony that constitutes the crowning function of philosophy.

Distinct concepts, on the other hand, do not contain the element of mutual exclusion. Rather they "unite with one another, although they are distinct." "A distinct

concept is presupposed by and lives in its other, which follows it in the sequence of ideas. . . . Examples of distinct concepts are . . . fancy and intellect. And to these others could be added, such as rights, morality, and the like." The fundamental error of Hegel's philosophy is that he tries to extend his dialectic from opposites, where it is applicable, to distincts, where it has no applicability at all:

The philosophical concept, the concrete universal or the Idea, is the synthesis of distincts, just as it is the synthesis of opposites. We talk, for example, of spirit, or of spiritual activity in general; but we also talk continually of the particular forms of this spiritual activity. And while we consider all of these particular forms essential to complete spiritual achievement (so that deficiency in any one of them offends us and impels us to find a remedy, and its total or partial absence shocks us as something monstrous and absurd), we are also jealous and vigilant that no one of them should be confused with any other. Therefore we reprove him who judges art by moral criteria, or morality by artistic criteria, or truth by utilitarian criteria, and so on. Even if we were to forget the distinction, a glance at life would remind us of it: for life shows the spheres of economic, of scientific, and of moral activity almost externally distinct, and makes the same man appear a specialist, now as poet, now as man of business, now as statesman, now as philosopher. And philosophy itself should remind us of the distinction, for it is not capable of expression without specialization into aesthetic, logic, ethic, and the like: all of them philosophy, yet each of them a philosophy distinct from the others. (Pp. 83-84.)

The result of Hegel's fundamental mistake is a deep and all-pervasive confusion as to the relations of truth and error. Opposites are partial or abstract aspects of a fuller truth, which only becomes apparent in their synthesis. The extension of this view to distincts issues in a uniform scheme whereby the distinction of true and false is reduced to a difference of degree. Falsehood is merely partial or undeveloped truth. The application of this principle is twofold. "On the one hand, what are *philosophical errors* came to acquire the dignity of partial or particular concepts, that is, of distinct concepts; and, on the other, what are really *distinct concepts* were lowered to the level of simple attempts at truth, to incomplete and imperfect truths: that is to say, they assumed the aspect of *philosophical errors*" (p. 100).

The error in question amounts to the forcible subjection of life as a whole, with its specifically disparate and therefore, in the concrete actuality of existence, mutually congruous and supplementary principles (those, for example, which distinguish morality from art and both from science) to a single intellectual formula—a formula which overrides the autonomy of that which is intrinsically autonomous, and effaces everything it touches in this illicit fashion. The result is a morality which satisfies no moral, but only an intellectual, demand, a theory of art that reduces aesthetic to logical distinctions,

a philosophy of history that confuses two kinds of truth, and a fabulous pseudoscience in the guise of a philosophy of nature. Croce's exposition of these errors is an excellent piece of work, luminous and convincing. The writer confines himself to the philosophical aspects of the case. He is careful to distinguish Hegel's philosophy itself from the various (and opposite) applications that have been made of it, and he repudiates all attempts to find in it any necessary political character. Yet it is impossible to deny what we have called the ultimate solidarity of this great system of thought, shot through with these great fallacies, with the tremendous fabric of German civilization as touched into unity by the Prussian spirit. Both phenomena derive from one root. In both we find the same singleness of vision, the same one-dimensional, infinitely reiterated intellectual formalism, solving every problem by a uniform operation, rejecting every autonomy but one, subjecting the whole of existence indifferently, and with effects ranging from the sublime to the grotesque, to the might of a self-involved logic. And this is mechanism—in the only sense in which the term can be applied either to Hegel or to the Prussian system.

The question arises irresistibly, How in the last resort, when the passion of conflict and the passion of controversy have subsided, shall we estimate this portentous development of two centuries? Whatever be the purport of the final judgment, one thing should be clear to unprejudiced minds even now. These vast and highly organized mechanisms, the philosophical system of Hegel and the national system of modern Germany, are not the product of blind force, but of what Hegel calls "spirit," acting at the highest pressure of self-consciousness. What is of equal importance, the errors of spirit, which are the errors of intelligence, can be rectified by spirit; and the errors in this case are not necessarily the errors that ultimately damn. Rather they are heroic blunders that should purge themselves out in the agonies of heroic conflict. Thus for Germany we can reasonably look forward to a palingenesis, when the Teutonic spirit has exorcised the incubus of illusions it has itself invoked. This renewal will be in essence a return to something not altogether alien. For what is needed to break the spell is just what Croce's criticism implies—the restoration of principles to an autonomy that has been violated; and this self-same autonomy has never been so powerfully enforced as by a German thinker. In the Critical Philosophy of Kant the profoundest motive is the maintenance of the spiritual integrity of man's life, not, as in the system of Hegel, by the absorption of all principles into one, and the subjection of the whole to this, but by the strict and inviolable limitation of autonomous principles to their own spheres. This method is the one sound antidote to the evils of mechanism, as it is the one method which accords to mechanism its legitimate (and profoundly signifi-

cant) place in the universe. Certain thinkers of the present day, it is true, have seen in the Categorical Imperative, which gives expression to the autonomy of the moral idea, the root from which the Prussian ideal has developed; and it is true that in his application of the principle Kant succumbed to that formalism which is the temptation of the Teutonic mind. But this in no way affects the significance of the principle as autonomous; and at a time when half the world professes to be fighting against the mechanizing influences of the Prussian régime and in order to secure to man, against these, the legitimate exercise of his various and distinctive spiritual energies, we ought not to forget that it is to a Prussian we owe the philosophic exposition of a universe kept open to these energies by the autonomy of the principles which govern it.

ON THE EAST SIDE.

The House on Henry Street. By Lillian D. Wald. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2 net.

In 1893 Miss Lillian D. Wald had completed her course in a training school for nurses and was supplementing the theoretical instruction by a period of study in a medical college. Her desire to be of use in some way to humanity led her to outline a course in home nursing adapted to the needs of the people on the lower East Side of New York city, which she gave in an old building on Henry Street. One drizzling March morning a little girl came to her at the end of a lesson in bed-making, talking incoherently about her sick mother. The paraphernalia of her lesson she caught up hastily and followed. Over dirty mattresses and heaps of refuse in the street, past odorous fish-stands, across a tenement court where open and un-screened closets were promiscuously used by men and women, up slimy steps, the girl led her into the sick-room. The family of seven shared the two rooms with boarders. The wretched woman lay on a filthy bed, yet Miss Wald felt no revulsion, but was convinced that the group were "not degraded human beings, judged by any measure of moral values." She never returned to the laboratories or the class-work of the college. She came to the firm belief that if the public knew of those maladjustments of our social and economic relations epitomized in her brief journey and the scene at the end of it, such horrors would cease to exist. She and a volunteer agreed to live in the neighborhood as nurses, to identify themselves with it socially, and, in brief, to contribute to it their citizenship. By September they had succeeded, after careful search, in finding, on Jefferson Street, an apartment containing a bathtub. Then and there was begun the beneficent and diversified work of the settlement, although two years elapsed before the pioneers moved into the house on Henry Street.

For the programme of social regeneration then inaugurated the founder seems to have possessed peculiar qualifications. She somewhere speaks of conditions "testing the most

buoyant optimism." But there is no evidence in her volume that the test has ever been too severe. Her quick compassion has apparently hardened no whit by countless disillusioning experiences. Even her strongest expressions of disgust are full—some might say over-full—of the milk of human kindness. She once found a mother who kept her five children at work in their basement home making paper bags. They had never been to school. They had never even gone out to play with the other children in the street. Yet so perfectly does she assume the point of view of the poverty-stricken that this unspeakable conduct she charitably denominates "stupidity."

To her dominant and all-embracing sympathy must be ascribed the fact that she nowhere reports conditions which other settlement workers frequently remark upon. The presence of considerable numbers who regard charity as their inalienable right and accept it greedily but with only perfunctory thanks is hardly hinted at in these pages. Nor would one guess, from her account, that far too many families may be found wherein the English-speaking children manage the household to suit themselves and treat with scorn the parents who have by pathetic sacrifice sent them through the elementary school. Neither does her observation that "there is lament on the part of the pious that the house of worship and the ritualistic ceremonial of the Jewish faith have lost their hold upon the spiritual life of the younger generation" reveal the depths of suffering that sometimes is occasioned in these orthodox Hebrew families through the loss of ancestral belief by a son in high school.

The volume is not to be read for a picture of changing conditions on the East Side for a score of years, so much as for a record of extraordinary expansion. The story of how the settlement has taken up one benevolent activity after another is indeed fascinating. The beginning was to establish a nursing service for the sick in their squalid homes, which, despite obstacles, has grown to cover Manhattan and The Bronx, and which in 1913-1914 treated eleven hundred more patients than the combined total of those treated during the same period in three of the large hospitals of New York. The list of movements initiated in the settlement or brought to practical issue through its agency is astonishingly varied: the medical inspection of school children and the addition of the nurse's service to that of the physician, the establishment of stations for distributing pure milk for infants, the registration of midwives, the setting aside of playgrounds for the congested districts, and the provision of summer outings for children of the poor, the opening of study rooms for those who have little opportunity of preparing school work at home, the furnishing of instruction in cooking and home-making, education for defectives, the offering of scholarships to children between fourteen and sixteen to keep them in school, the creation of the National Child Labor Committee and the Federal Children's Bureau, the organization

of "clubs" to remove boys and girls from the influences of the street, one of which has borne fruit in the Neighborhood Playhouse—these and a score of other accomplishments show how completely the settlement has striven to bring bodily and moral health into the heterogeneous phases of existence on the East Side and beyond.

The significant feature of this history is not the magnitude or diversity of the development. To the country at large the record will be absorbing because it reveals the amelioration that has been effected in economic conditions and the large and generous spirit which for the last two decades has characterized our efforts at solving social problems. The treatment accorded different aspects of that congested life which contains so many dangers is brought home to the reader by numberless concrete cases. Tonie and Nellie and Louis are almost as appealing as if we had made a personal acquaintance with their misery. On turning the last leaf we can better understand the peculiar comprehension required of the settlement worker and the value of his or her gift to the city and the nation. The writer's pen is not dipped in tears. She has a surreptitious smile at many a situation, and sometimes lays aside her kindly tone in a moment of impatience or indignation over some injustice in our social arrangements. It must be confessed that in places she is annoyingly vague in her chronicling of a movement of such permanent significance. There are, too, a few obscurities in the language that more careful revision would have removed. The concreteness of the narrative is not answered by a similar concreteness in diction. She rather likes the weightiness of an impressive generality. These, however, are spots in the sun. "The House on Henry Street" records one of the most hopeful developments in American municipal life.

A GREAT PEOPLE.

The Normans in European History. By C. H. Haskins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2 net.

Here truly is a delightful book. It is the outstanding proof—were further proof required—that only a great scholar can adequately popularize his subject. In this aspect the Clio he worships must be a muse whose story shall be, in Carlyle's vivid phrase, the true epic poem and universal divine scripture. Professor Haskins has had a unique opportunity. No book has thus far covered the ground he has traversed, ground which he has made very peculiarly and securely his own. If here he puts off the stern garb of footnote and *apparatus criticus*, it is only that he may the more certainly enchant us. For it is a fascinating story he has to tell.

Certain sea-rovers set out in the late ninth century and happened into a dukedom. Who were they and what did they achieve? They were, we have known, a great people, gifted with a genius for adaptation, swift, pliable, and practical. We have known in an uncer-

tain and uneasy fashion that their history glows with the deep color of romance; but connected narrative has thus far had to be sought in the specialized work of scholars, work too rarely appetizing to the general public. Now, Professor Haskins has given us exactly the book of which we had need. He had, we have said, a unique opportunity. He has taken splendid advantage of it. For he has not only written a book with a deep interest of its own, a book which, while learned, is also lightly, easily, and humorously written, but—and this, after all, is the final criterion of such work—a book which pricks the reader to further study. Before, Steenstrup and Bohmer and Genestal were mere names associated with formidable learning; now we want to read them because we have received the key to their knowledge.

The Normans were a great people. A certain portion of France is to this day instinct with the special genius of their race. To their credit stands the only successful invasion of England. Their achievement in South Europe is as glowing a saga as was ever sung of their compatriots of the north. Warriors they were, hardy, cruel, bold; but something more also. For as no other people they establish—it is a lesson not without its modern application—the basis of the state in law. They are a race of administrators, efficient, rapid, clear-headed, and clear-thinking. Certain things, like the Curia Regis, Domesday Book, that school at Bec which in a sense is the mother of recorded canon law, are among their achievements. To the whole of English history they gave point and direction. If in South Europe they failed to create a permanent state, the memories they left behind—as the muniment room of Monte Cassino bears witness—were deep and abiding. Poets, philosophers, historians, as well as statesmen, they touched nothing they did not adorn. Of a certainty the people who made England a conquest, in some sort made America also their heritage.

Professor Haskins in eight lectures has told the story as well as we can hope to have it told in our generation. What is new and striking in his book is his insistence throughout on the Norman point of view. English historians, for example, have written lightly of an Angevin empire with England as its head and centre. Professor Haskins's genial correction of this insularity ought to result in a valuable readjustment of this inadequate perspective. It will help us to understand a little more fairly the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. We write of him as an absentee king (and perhaps with the vision of Ireland before our eyes) give him short shrift for his negligence. But may not England have been to him but an incident in the shifting landscape of his imperial purview? So, too, we can understand why to him opposition like that of Hugh of Lincoln to foreign service must have been unintelligible. Hugh as an Englishman is a member of his empire. When Normandy is at war, England is at war; to Richard Hugh's refusal to serve must

have been as unintelligible as a refusal of Canada to fight Germany would be to the modern Englishman.

A chapter of special fascination deals with the life and culture of the race. Here, we are tempted to say, Professor Haskins is at his best. The whole attitude of the author is so vivid and refreshing—whether it tells of the fair Isabel de Conches to whom the Norman esquires are fain to relate their dreams, or of the great library of Philip of Bayeux—that we could have wished for some little prodigality of space. There is not, Professor Haskins tells us, any general account of Norman culture; may we not add that this lays on him the clear duty of writing it?

The subject of Norman Sicily is that in which Professor Haskins has himself done work known and appreciated wherever scholarship exists; and that makes his survey of its conditions peculiarly valuable. To one question we wish that he had given a little more attention, and that is to the relation between England and Sicily; even the general reader will want to know what good Master Thomas Brown thought as he sat at his ease in Westminster. But where there is so much it is perhaps greedy to ask for more. Here is a book that sets out firmly the contribution of a great race to the main stream of European civilization; and we are grateful to Professor Haskins for having, in the midst of more laborious preoccupations, turned aside to write it. It is a fine example of all that is best in American scholarship.

ADVENTURERS ALL.

The Road to Glory. By E. Alexander Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Powell has set out with the avowed purpose of showing how much of its present greatness our country owes to "men whom the historians have overlooked or disregarded," and whose notable deeds were inspired for the most part by a thirst for glory. The heroes he has undertaken to rescue from oblivion were "adventurers all," but adventurers of varied types, from the patriot missionary who saved Oregon by his daring ride across the continent, to the filibusters who made possible the annexation of Texas. Dr. Whitman is almost the only one who is not represented as strewing his trail with the corpses of those who tried to obstruct his progress—doubtless a concession to the ministerial cloth. Mr. Powell's descriptions of his favorites and their exploits have the smack of real enthusiasm.

Kemper "had a neck like a bull, a chest like a barrel, a voice like a bass drum," and such a gift for profanity that "even the mates on the Mississippi River boats listened in admiration and envy to his swearing." Jackson, as the unknown frontier soldier in the Creek war, was "a tall, emaciated figure of a man, with a clean-shaven, sallow face, a jaw like a bear-trap, a great beak of a nose, eyes as penetrating as gimlets and

as cold as a winter's morning, and a shock of unkempt sandy hair just beginning to gray under his forty-seven years," and he "carried his arm in a sling as the result of a pistol wound received during a brawl in a Nashville tavern." Kirker's "long hair fell upon his shoulders; his moustaches were of a size and fierceness that would have abashed a pirate; from neck to knees he was dressed in gorgeously embroidered, soft-tanned buckskin; his breeches disappeared in high-heeled boots ornamented with enormous spurs, which jangled noisily as he walked; his high-crowned sombrero was heavy with gold braid and bullion; thrust carelessly into his scarlet sash was a veritable armory of knives and pistols."

Most of Magee's insurgent band were "two-gun men," who "went into action with a pistol in each hand and a knife between their teeth." Col. Perry's Americans in the battle of the Medina, when their rifles and pistols were empty, "used their terrible long hunting knives, ripping and stabbing and slashing," or, "grasping their empty rifles by the barrel, swung them around their heads like flails, beating down the Spaniards who opposed them till they were surrounded by heaps of men with cracked and shattered skulls. Others, when their weapons broke, sprang at their enemies with their naked hands and tore out their throats as hounds tear out the throat of a deer." At Qualla Battoo the Yankee sailors "fairly hewed their way into the mass of brown men, hacking, stabbing, shooting, cursing, cheering." Later, "the cutlasses of the sailors fell like flails, and when they rose again their burnished blades were crimson. The marines swung their bayonets, and at every thrust a Malay shrieked and crumpled." At the siege of the Alamo, the fever-stricken Bowie, "propped on his pillows, shot two soldiers who attempted to bayonet him . . . and plunged his terrible knife into the throat of another before they could finish him." And at San Jacinto, where "only thirty-two of the five hundred Mexicans were left alive to surrender, . . . everywhere sounded the grunt of blows sent home, the screams of wounded men, the choking sobs of the dying, the crack-crack-crack of rifle and revolver, the grating rasp of steel on steel, the harsh, shrill orders of the officers, the tramp of many feet, and, above all, the deep-throated, menacing cry of the avenging Texans. . . . 'Kill the greasers! Kill 'em! Kill 'em! Kill 'em!'"

With these specimen extracts before us, it is not difficult to understand our author's appreciation of the diplomatic ideals of President Jackson, who, when he "sat himself down in the White House in 1829 . . . promptly inaugurated the same straight-from-the-shoulder-smash-bang foreign policy which had characterized him as a soldier, and used the navy to back up his policy."

Although Mr. Powell has revelled rather more than was necessary in the details of carnage, his book may perform a public service if it makes plain to its readers what "the road to glory" is like.

The American Historical Association

At the meeting of the Association at Washington, December 27-31, special interest attached to the business session. Within the Association for a couple of years or more there has been a certain amount of fermentation variously called reform or agitation. It resulted a year ago at the Chicago meeting in the appointment of a Committee of Nine to consider the constitution, organization, and procedure of the Association and the relationship between the Association and the *American Historical Review*. It has also found expression, in spite of the existence of the committee just mentioned, in letters to the *Nation*, and particularly in a pamphlet entitled "Why the American Historical Association Needs Thorough Reform," bearing the names of Frederic Bancroft, John H. Latané, and Dunbar Rowland. This urged certain changes or reforms, but also contained by direct statement and by innuendo severe reflections on the motives and the integrity of the editors, past and present, of the *American Historical Review*. It charged them with being an "oligarchy," pursuing a policy of "secrecy" and "concealment," guilty of "irregularities and self-seekings," attempting to seize the legal ownership of the *Review*, using undue influence with the Council of the Association to procure offices for friends, of being, in short, "an editorial ring . . . grasping the offices and 'joy-riding' at the expense of the *Review* (p. 11)." Other letters, publicly circulated, had made threatening demands for transcripts of the records of the *Review*, and intimated the further publication of "details that may be called splay."

The recent business meeting was expected to clear the air—and did so. It was attended by an unprecedented number of members, perhaps 500, who sat through a strenuous session of more than four hours. Professor Cheyney made a report for the editors of the *Review* which was clear, convincing, dignified, and relieved at tense points with welcome bits of humor. As to the ownership of the *Review*, that was a lawyer's question. Until it was raised seriously a year ago no one knew definitely who owned it, and no one cared. At the foundation of the *Review* the editors had acted for a body of guarantors, more than half of whom were not members of the American Historical Association at all. When the *Review* had become self-supporting and the connection with the guarantors had ceased, the editors had not sought to establish their legal ownership, but had simply continued to conduct the *Review* to the best of their ability in the interests of historical scholarship. When, however, the question of ownership was raised, they acceded to the suggestion that the opinion of an eminent lawyer be obtained. This was to the effect that in case either the editors or the publishers should terminate the existing agreement, the editors would become the absolute legal owners of the *Review*. The editors, however, said Professor Cheyney, were not and never had been opposed to the *Review* becoming the unquestioned property of the Association, if the Association desired to own and conduct it. In the discussion later, several persons urged, perhaps with exaggeration, the financial dangers the Association might run by becoming the owner and pub-

lisher of the *Review*; but to the majority the only immediately serious danger seemed a possible loss of some \$300 a year on account of the change in mailing conditions which might be imposed. The only tangible advantage of ownership by the Association, which a question elicited from the protagonist of reform, was that it would give him and others a better chance to criticize and control the editors. Thereupon the meeting voted almost unanimously the conservative expression of opinion that the full ownership and control of the *Review* should be vested in the Association, but that the relation with the Carnegie Institution and the Macmillan Company should remain as at present. A committee was instructed to ascertain what arrangements might be made in case the Association should take over full ownership.

Professor Cheyney further dealt with the misrepresentations of fact which had been made against the editors, and Professor Jameson indicated the treatment to which he had been subjected. An overwhelming vote was then passed deprecating the spirit of the attack on the editors and expressing entire confidence in the efficient and unselfish manner in which the editors have conducted the *Review*.

In accordance with the suggestions of the Committee of Nine, changes were adopted to free future business meetings from unnecessary detail and to give members an opportunity for keeping more actively acquainted with the work of the Association. The Committee's recommendations for changes in the Constitution, which were laid over for final action until next year, provide that the number of elected members of the Council shall be increased from six to eight, that ex-presidents shall vote in the Council for three years only after the expiration of their term as president, and that the functions of the Council be somewhat more fully defined. The reimbursement of expenses of members of the Council and committees of the Association is to be limited to transportation and Pullman fares only, but not even these are to be paid to committees meeting at the time and place of the annual meeting.

The following officers were elected: President, G. L. Burr; first vice-president, Worthington C. Ford; second vice-president, William Roscoe Thayer. All the members nominated for the Council were elected, except Mr. Frederic Bancroft, whose name was withdrawn at his request during the meeting; the Council therefore consists of E. C. Barker, Texas; G. S. Ford, Minnesota; C. H. Haskins, Harvard; U. B. Phillips, Michigan; Lucy M. Salmon, Vassar, and S. B. Harding, Indiana. As new editors of the *Review*, Professor Emerson, of Harvard, was elected by the Council to fill the unexpired term of Professor Burr, resigned, and Professor Van Tyne, of Michigan, was elected for a full term of six years. The H. B. Adams prize was awarded to an essay on "The Leveller Movement," by Mr. F. C. Pease, of the Illinois Historical Society.

An interesting programme called forth a large number of excellent papers. Unfortunately lack of space permits mention of only a few of the most noteworthy. The timely subject of Nationalism was the central topic of three sessions. In his presidential address, Prof. Morse Stephens emphasized the criminal responsibility of nationalistic historians. "Woe unto us! professional historians, if we cannot see, written in blood, in the dying civilization of Europe, the dreadful

result of the exaggerated nationalism as set forth in patriotic histories of some of the most eloquent historians of the nineteenth century." To be sure, these historians were only interpreting history according to the dominant influence of their age, exactly as the historians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries gave a religious interpretation and those of the eighteenth a universal or humanitarian interpretation. Religious zeal and nationalist zeal are similar in the blindness of their fanaticism and their spirit of persecution. But no creed and no nationalism can be considered other than a check to civilization which arrogantly assumes to itself the obligation of impressing its particular *Kultur* on supposedly less favored neighbors.

Prof. J. H. Robinson, of Columbia, analyzed nationalism as the manifestation of the corporate feeling which groups of persons always feel when they become conscious of their corporate existence, whether as members of a primitive tribe, a mediæval cult, or a modern college, patriotic society, or national state. Nationalism did not create the state, but rather *vice versa*, for subjects felt loyalty to a dynasty before they became conscious of territorial, racial, linguistic, or historic corporate-ness. To dynastic loyalty and the tribal group-spirit was added by the French Revolution the other primary element in nationalism, viz., democracy. Professor Krehbiel, of Leland Stanford, spoke of the forces of internationalism which may overcome those of nationalism. Professor Laprade, of Trinity College, N. C., emphasized the impossibility of finding any satisfactory formula or definition of nationalism which will cover all cases; for nationalism is often the result of circumstances rather than of an evolutionary development of an innate tribal spirit such as Professor Robinson had suggested; historians should seek to discover in each case the peculiar circumstances out of which each species of nationalism has arisen. Professor Moran, of Purdue, also regarded nationalism as a somewhat haphazard product of the conflict of radical and conservative forces, capable therefore of enlargement into a broader nationalism equivalent to internationalism. Another speaker, on the basis of personal knowledge of the Balkan states, believed education and propaganda to be the dominant factors in the creation of nationalism; and if propaganda has done so much in fostering it, why may we not expect that it can do as much for internationalism?

In another session, Professor Wrong, of Toronto, read an able and hopeful paper on the development of nationalism in the British Empire. He looked forward soon to the establishment of some kind of imperial council, in which the great self-governing colonies would be represented on equal terms with the mother country, and which would have control of the defence of the empire and of matters of war and peace, but not to any tariff union in the empire. Prof. G. B. Adams, of Yale, agreeing with Professor Wrong, spoke of Gladstone's first ministry, the Boer War, and the present conflict as the three great landmarks in the development of British nationalism.

In an unusually interesting session in Ancient History on "Economic Causes of International Rivalries and Wars in Ancient Times," Professor Ferguson, speaking of Greece, and Professor Botsford, of Rome, showed that these "economic causes" are much like the snakes in Ireland. Both agreed

that in our present tendency towards an economic interpretation of history we have been too prone to read into ancient history exaggerated notions of economic motives. The wars of Greece were due rather to policy and the agitation of politicians. In the wars of Rome for world dominion economic motives played a minor part—the Carthaginian wars were primarily wars of defence, and the later wars of the Empire were actuated by the brutal bullying policy of breaking utterly the independence and power of all Rome's possible political rivals. A. E. R. Boak, of Michigan, supported this general thesis by reference to the wars of Philip of Macedon, and Professor Frank, of Bryn Mawr, while agreeing in general, pointed out that the merchants of Marseilles, being the commercial rivals of Carthage, were an important influence in stirring Rome to the Second Punic War.

In a discussion of "Mediæval Colonization," Prof. J. W. Thompson, of Chicago, described the frontier settlements made east of the Elbe by the hardy Germans from the west who hearkened to a German proclamation of 1108 A. D., which declared in substance: "The Slavs are an abominable people—but their land is rich. Come ye, and occupy it." Prof. H. L. Gray, of Bryn Mawr, drove another nail into the "mark theory" of the Anglo-Saxon settlement of England. The familiar patronymic theory of Kemble and J. R. Green that place-names with "ing," like Billingham and Harlington, indicate the home or town of free kinsmen, rests, he showed, on a far slighter philological basis than is usually supposed; in many cases final or medial "ing" does not appear in the earliest written record at all; in others, it is the A-S *hlinc*, meaning hill, as in golf-links; in others, it may probably signify "belonging to" or "connected with," rather than "descendants of." E. H. Byrne, of Wisconsin, described Genoese colonization in Syria in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and C. E. Maguire, of Washington, D. C., the colonization effected by the Spanish monastic orders in the lands won back from the Moors in central Spain.

In American history Professor Hull, of Swarthmore, discussed the Monroe Doctrine as applied to Mexico. Mr. Oswald G. Villard gave a large number of exceedingly interesting details of the considerable part played by the primitive submarine and torpedo in the blockade of the Confederacy. Senator Beveridge described some picturesque traits of character of John Marshall, drawn from the latter's early diary and letters.

A further impetus was given to the movement to procure an adequate building for housing the Federal archives by several illustrated papers. Professor Shambaugh, of Iowa, showed what had been done by various States and cities in caring for their valuable public documents, and W. G. Leland did the same for foreign countries. L. F. Stock, of the Carnegie Institution, pictured the present deplorable condition in which public documents are liable to destruction from fire, water, dirt, and neglect. L. A. Simon, of the supervising architect's office of the Treasury Department, explained the architect's plans which have been drawn, with the authorization of Congress, for a Federal Archives Building. Every one interested in American history should make his Congressman feel the pressing need of an early appropriation for the construction of such a building, in which to concentrate and properly care for these invaluable national records.

In the Conference of History Teachers there was general agreement that a more precise definition of the history to be taught in schools is desirable. A committee, with Professor Ferguson, of Harvard, as chairman, was authorized to prepare such a definition on the basis of a list of essential topics to be emphasized and a list of collateral readings.

The next meeting of the Association will be held in Cincinnati. S. B. FAY.

Notes

Prof. Lucius H. Holt's "Leading English Poets, from Chaucer to Browning" (Houghton Mifflin) touches only the high places in the matter of names, but for each of the score of authors chosen the attempt is made to provide a broad basis of appreciation, drawn freely from the minor poems as well as the masterpieces. The text in most cases is that of the Cambridge edition. Biographical sketches conclude the volume.

Based on several earlier volumes of selections, Panoëst's "English Prose and Verse" offers, in over eight hundred pages, something more than mere snippets of literature "from Beowulf to Stevenson." More space than is usual in such compilations is given to pre-Shakespearean literature, and, though there is no slighting of the great names, there is a good deal from less well-known men of later days. Though heartily to be recommended, the book shows more errors of the press than need be.

An unusual collection is that which makes up "The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls" (Houghton Mifflin; \$2 net), selected, edited, and arranged by Frances Jenkins Olcott and Amena Pendleton. The range of these humorous tales is wide enough to include episodes from the Arabian Nights, from Norse Sagas, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Lamb, down to Lewis Carroll and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The editors have had the admirable intention of using only classics; whether the excision necessary to their scheme of having each selection a complete story in itself has been satisfactory must be decided by more experiment with the book than we have been able to make.

In its first inclusion of a contemporary figure among the "True Stories of Great Americans," the Macmillan Company has done well to choose Thomas A. Edison, whose life is written by Francis Rolt-Wheeler (50 cents net). From the biographies by Francis A. Jones, W. K. L. and A. Dickson, Dyer and Martin, and others, the author has compiled a small volume which gives due prominence to the early adventures of the "train-butcher" who became a great inventor, and which cannot fail to appeal to every boy. The sole criticism which can be made of it is that more credit might have been given to the energies and talents of the force of subordinates which Edison has always so skillfully directed. There is even some account of Edison's theatrical entrance into the chemical field when the European war cut off this country's wonted sources of supply.

Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici, one of Dr. Levy's cohort of translators, has made himself known as a powerful supporter of the Nietzschean

propaganda, and now appears with a "Defence of Aristocracy" (LeRoy Phillips), which contains much valuable material spoiled by a petulant manner. The volume is called in its subtitle "A Text Book for Tories," but not the least interesting of its purposes is a vehement accusation of the various aristocracies of the modern world for their betrayal of the cause of aristocracy. This is honest, and it is not illogical: Mr. Ludovici rightly insists that the truth of a principle is by no means necessarily involved in the defection of its supporters. Still more interesting and valuable is Mr. Ludovici's constant identification of the principle of aristocracy with the control of taste:

Taste, which is the power of discerning right from wrong in matters of doctrine, diet, behavior, shape, form, constitution, size, height, color, sound, and general appearance, is the greatest power of life; it is a power leading to permanence of life in those who possess it and who can exercise it.

The true aristocracy, then, the only genuinely best men on earth, are the examples of flourishing life whose likes and dislikes—whose discernment, in fact, is our canon of taste. The concern about living and lasting as a great Power, as a great people, or as a great culture, is not only inextricably bound up with them, it is a futile, impossible, impertinent, and hopeless venture without them.

Such an imposition of taste is, then, the greatest act of altruism that can be imagined; for it may save a whole nation from destruction for thousands of years.

There is a profound truth in this, and our regret is that Mr. Ludovici, by his adherence to the Nietzschean denial of the highest canons of taste, has rendered almost nugatory a much-needed admonition. In his historical chapters he falls foul of the Puritans for their disregard of the aristocratical, life-giving principle of taste; and here again he might have performed a real service if he had not allowed his passions to run away with his judgment. Though he disavows charging the Puritans with consciously aiming at a lowering of taste and life for the purpose of exploiting the people as commercial and manufacturing drudges, yet as a matter of fact his indictment reads as if a great and deliberate conspiracy was formed by the leaders of the Rebellion for this purpose. Furthermore, the cruelty he lays at their door could with equal ease be charged against other people of the age. He has brought together an interesting mass of material throwing light on the political and social changes of the seventeenth century, but he has vitiated his interpretation of the material by manifest injustices. At least, however, there is some entertainment in finding a stalwart Nietzschean taking up the cudgels for so extreme a churchman as Laud. Mr. Ludovici composed his book before the war, and at the time of printing was, and may still be, serving in the British army. We think and hope he will write with a more sober pen when he returns to civil life after this experience.

The title-story of Count Leo Tolstol's "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch and Other Stories" (translated by Constance Garnett; Lane; \$1.35 net), which contains some of the most characteristic social and moral teaching of Tolstol, has not wanted previous translations. We have a version by Nathan Haskell Dole, included in the same volume with such parables as "Where Love Is, There Is God Also" and "The Two Pilgrims." Leo Wiener has translated the story in a volume with "The Kreutzer Sonata" and the dramatic works. Mrs. Garnett's admirable translation was

brought out in England more than ten years ago and should have been known in a popular edition in America long before this. "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch" is one of the most realistic studies in fiction of the progress of an insidious and slow but inexorable disease, with its reaction upon the mind and heart of the sufferer; and it is lifted far above a mere clinical and psychological document by its treatment of the strivings of the patient to realize the philosophical meaning of his agony, his minute survey of the meaning of his past life, and his passage through a purgatory of guilt and shame to some realization of the divine scheme and reconciliation with it. Ivan Ilyitch is but a dull, commonplace, unreflecting soul, with a talent for the governmental service in which he enrolls himself, and his life is the life of a multitude of other men. All the more forcible is Tolstol's indication of the consistency with which that life has fallen short of the ideal line it might often have touched. In his childhood he had been really good and happy; in his youth he had committed actions which had struck him instinctively as vile, but which, on learning that the world took them as part of the heady day that all youth must have, he had not allowed to trouble his peace of mind. He had married, not because he was in love with his wife, but because marriage was agreeable, and was expedient to one in his official position; he had done his work and pursued his career not because he was eager to serve the world, but because he loved applause and worldly things. Yet Tolstol does not obtrude his preaching: there is no other statement of the moral of Ilyitch's case than is contained in that of his mental agony as he reviews his existence, his relief when he sees that "while his life had not been what it ought to have been, that could still be set right," and the comparative ease of his last moments once he had given up the attempt to justify himself. The observation of life, the insight into its multitudinous and complex phases, which make Tolstol's unheightened transcripts so interesting, are evident throughout the narrative.

Mrs. Garnett's volume differs from the others containing "Ivan Ilyitch" in the stories which round it out. "Family Happiness," which was written in 1855, thirty-five years before the "Kreutzer Sonata," is a foil to the latter, tracing the cooling of the romantic passion which subsists between two people to a state of strong but commonplace affection, the woman's heart being in clearer focus than the man's. "The Two Hussars," ordinarily included with the other military stories, contrasts the characters of a father and son, the one reckless, dashing, and unconventional to the point of being a dare-devil, yet noble-minded and generous-hearted; the other correct, exquisitely bred, and precise, but beneath it all a cold and heartless profligate. In "Three Deaths" may be found an anticipatory study of "Ivan Ilyitch," the three deaths being those of a rich and luxurious lady, of a poor peasant, and of an ash tree. "Polushka," a dramatic bit of color and characterization, describes the evils and imbecilities of serfdom on a great estate, and those of military conscription; and "The Snowstorm" is simply a vivid piece of landscape drawing. It would easily be possible to make up a volume in which the stories were more of a type. Needless to say, the translations show, in general, a superiority in style to those already made.

If history, to be popular and attractive, must needs be presented these days in the form of comments on the biographies of court ladies and royal mistresses, Mr. H. N. Williams, author of "Rival Sultanas" (Dodd, Mead; \$3.50), is certainly a past master of the historian's art: and the epoch of Charles II and Louis XIV unusually replete with opportunities for him to practice it. The present volume is unquestionably one of the very best of "picture books." Though in large measure based on secondary authorities, like Osmund Alry's "Charles II" and Henri Forneron's "Louise de Kéroualle," the author has a far better historical background than most of the writers of works of this kind: apt quotations from contemporaries like the Earl of Halifax and the Duc de Saint-Simon enliven his pages: the facts are, for the most part, accurate; and the style, though occasionally colloquial, flows pleasantly and easily along. The narrative contrives to bring in all the known mistresses of Charles II from beginning to end; but Nell Gwyn, Louise de Kéroualle, and Madame de Mazarin (Hortense Mancini) occupy the centre of the stage, and the story turns on their efforts to supplant one another in the royal favor, and subsequent reconciliations. The chief political and diplomatic events of the period are skilfully woven into this tangled skein of court intrigue—so skilfully, in fact, that they sometimes fail to arrest the attention. The book cannot be recommended for purposes of serious study or research, but it will infallibly amuse, and may possibly instruct the uninitiated, without undue sacrifice of historical accuracy in the process. One is tempted, in conclusion, to quote the last words of Halifax's famous satire on the "Character of Charles II": "Let his Royal ashes then lie soft upon him, and cover him from harsh and unkind censures; which, though they should not be unjust, can never clear themselves from being indecent."

"It was a novelty then," Kate Sanborn assures us in "Memories and Anecdotes" (Putnam; \$1.75 net), "to hear a young woman talk in a lively way on striking themes which had been most carefully prepared, and a light touch added, with frequent glints of humor." Now it was exactly that singular combination which she herself provided even at the early date of 1885. She confides to us also that she spent two months on her lecture "Bachelor Authors," "passing quickly over dangerous ground." Possibly she has passed quickly over dangerous ground in the present volume, but there is no evidence of months of preparation. On the contrary, she at once takes the reader into her confidence and chats gayly of her friends, frequently quoting their poems or rehearsing the events of their several careers. She has had such wonderful friends that you will surely be fascinated! During her long career she has indeed been thrown incidentally with a number of distinguished people, as President Barnard, of Columbia College, Albert Bierstadt, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Julia Ward Howe, and many of lesser note. Concerning various and sundry of them she indulges in gossip. In Bryant's Roslyn home she found mottoes hung on the wall, such as "As thy days so shall thy strength be." The last Sunday before his address on Mazzini in Central Park he lightly jested on the origin of his name: "Briant—brilliant, of course." We also hear Whitman declare to Frances Willard "that all this total absti-

nence was absolute rot and of no earthly use, and that he hated the sight of these women who went out of their way to be crusading temperance fanatics." We see him return to the room in half an hour after this outburst and with a smiling face make a manly apology. The expansive quality of the narrative is answered by the headlong quality of the style. Subjects are frequently omitted, pronouns are misused, and many dubious colloquial expressions are put under requisition.

"The Hague Arbitration Cases," by George Grafton Wilson (Ginn; \$3.50 net), will receive a hearty welcome. It is the first attempt to bring together in a single collection the decisions of the Hague Tribunal under the conventions of 1899 and 1907 for the pacific settlement of international disputes. The records presented do not include the proofs adduced by the litigants, nor the arguments of counsel. These, as the editor points out, have often been voluminous. Still, a short résumé of the facts in each case and an outline of the briefs of counsel would add greatly to the value of such a collection as this, by rendering the awards more intelligible to the ordinary reader, and enabling him to understand clearly the methods and accomplishments of this most modern of all judicial tribunals. However, we should be grateful to Professor Wilson for what he has given us. In each arbitrated case, he presents the agreement, or compromise under which it was submitted, the names of the arbiters, and the final award. All documents in foreign languages have been translated into English. In a few instances the points of counsel are reprinted, but no outline of their arguments is furnished, nor are the authorities cited by them collected. Most of the awards are little more than bare findings of fact and conclusions of law. They contain little in the way of juridical reasoning or of citation of authorities. The most notable exception in this respect is furnished by Dr. Drago's dissent from the court's decision in the North Atlantic Coast Fisheries Dispute, which bears much similarity in form and substance to the ordinary judicial opinion found in our law reports. Some of the awards possess little value as precedents for the determination of future controversies. For example, the case of the Casablanca deserters was decided in favor of France, but, as Professor Stowell remarks in his "Diplomacy of the War of 1914" (at p. 19), "the language in which the award was couched was evidently intended to avoid giving offence to German susceptibilities and to reach a verbal compromise." On the other hand, the award in the dispute between Russia and Turkey over "Interest on Indemnities" lays down in definite terms three legal propositions which will undoubtedly be accepted as controlling precedents. First, a state is under obligation to pay interest on its debts to another state from the date of demand of principal and interest by the creditor state. Secondly, that financial difficulties on the part of the debtor state, though of extreme seriousness as in the case of Turkey from 1881 to 1902, do not constitute a *force majeure* which excuses such debtor from paying interest after due demand of the principal, and during its default. Thirdly, a creditor nation may waive its right to interest, and does waive it, when it calls for and receives the principal without making any reference to the interest.

From "A Hilltop on the Marne" (Houghton Mifflin; \$1.25) Mildred Aldrich witnessed the memorable turn in the tide that had poured von Kluck's legions towards Paris; the success of Miss Aldrich's indirect method, as compared with the welter of impressionistic writing it has been our lot to devour with anxious avidity, is at once artistic and vivid. At any rate, her little book takes its place in that lesser library to which historians of the present war will come for a scrutiny of its many facets in the final dramatic survey. Moreover, we are inclined to think that Miss Aldrich has given a first-rate situation to the tireless novelists and dramatists, and one with a delicate international flavor that should appeal to Mr. Henry James or to Mrs. Wharton. Quite simply Miss Aldrich confides to the reader the consummation of her desire to live the life of an American exile in France, where she has spent a good many years, and preferably in the country, after she has "had enough of the city—even of Paris, the most beautiful city in the world." There is a truly romantic flavor in the story of the search for, and the finding of, the little house at Huiry, not far from Meaux. And it is there that the war surprised her, after three months' residence under the Stars and Stripes, on her particular little hilltop, chiefly notable for the splendid view of the surrounding country. With all the flavor of romance, favored of an unexpected *deus ex machina*, the now historic battle of the Marne was staged before Miss Aldrich's lawn, and she shared all the vicissitudes, civil and military, that eventually led to von Kluck's retreat. Here we have a personal view of the poignant sufferings of refugees and combatants, experiences with German, French, and British soldiers, recorded with the charming New England detachment necessary for an appreciation of their respective temperaments. One could almost wish that Miss Aldrich's range of vision could have extended to include other and equally crucial phases of the fighting, so telling and clear are these few impressions.

"The Book of France" (Macmillan; \$2), issued by a distinguished committee of British authors and publicists, with contributions from the pens of leading French and British writers, together with illustrations from well-known French artists, is a compilation that adequately fulfils its purpose without lapsing into eulogy or a too partisan discrimination. Authors, artists, editor, and publishers donate their services, and the volume is edited by Miss Winifred Stephens, to whom we already owe a translation of the works of Anatole France. The proceeds of its sale are to be devoted to the fund of the French Parliamentary Committee for the relief of the invaded provinces. An excellent plan has been observed throughout the book of translating each contribution, the French being followed by the English of some well-known author. Thus J. H. Rosny's article on Great Britain is translated by Thomas Hardy, that on Anatole France by H. G. Wells, who, by the way, has taken here and there some inexcusable liberties with the original; this method is observed in all cases except in that of Mr. Henry James, whose article on France would seem to have baffled a French rendition. Not the least illuminating is the study of the German mind by René Boylesve, a fine piece of interpretative criticism. Mr. Henry James translates

"Les Saints de la France" of Maurice Barrès, an appreciation of the new spirit animating *poilus* in the trenches and women in the munition factories in the demands of the national sacrifice. Mr. James has done his work in the style reminiscent of his early critical studies, and it affords interesting contrast with his introductory article on France, which is denied, because of its characteristic subtleties of style, to the average French reader of the volume. Not all the matter, however, is confined to psychological investigation of the genius of war, and of the various protagonists. Lighter treatment of the vivid phases of the great struggle relieve in an adequate manner its inevitable realism. Among these is an artistic sketch, "The Background of a Victory," by the bilingual Madame Mary Duclaux. A poem by the Countess de Noailles translated by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods and some ringing lines on France in the gnomic style that Rudyard Kipling assumes in his superlatively patriotic moods are the important verse contributions. Eugène Brieux's "Letter to the Young Soldier who receives none," which has already appeared widely in the press, is here translated by Lady Glenconner. Among the other contributors and translators in the volume are: Edmund Gosse, the Duchess of Sutherland, Prof. W. G. Hartog, Lady Randolph Churchill, François de Curel, Marcelle Tinayre, the Duchess de Clermont-Tonnerre, Pierre Loti, Sir Sydney Colvin, and the late Remy de Gourmont.

Under the title "Some Problems in Market Distribution," by A. W. Shaw, the Harvard University Press republishes in book form an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Journal of Economics* in 1912, with the addition of an introductory chapter by its author. Mr. Shaw, well known as the editor of *System*, has studied theoretical economics as well as practical business, and has combined the science of one with the facts of the other in some interesting and suggestive essays. The whole book is an argument for logic and laboratory methods in place of the rule-of-thumb business practice of the past. In the introductory chapter the author asserts his conviction that the typical business man of the day has owed his success to specialization, but that he will fall behind in the course of progress unless he corrects the danger of narrowness that menaces him, and learns by systematic analysis and classification to recognize the new elements in the problem that he faces. The author illustrates by examples the view that he supports, and urges particularly on the attention of the business man the need of defining his attitude to the "external problems" of modern business—its relation to the law, to the Government, and to public opinion.

If all the volumes of The American Books (Doubleday, Page; \$1) are of the quality of Dr. Fabian Franklin's "Cost of Living," recently issued in that series, the publishers will succeed admirably in their ambition to furnish the public with a sound library of good citizenship. Like Professor Clark's "Cost of Living," which was recently noticed in these columns and which is curiously like the present volume in scope and size, Mr. Franklin's book is above reproach as a bit of scientific reasoning. The author's experience as a professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins doubtless smoothed for him the path in

a subject which, in spite of its difficulties, is unusually amenable to mathematical formulation. That feature of the book, however, which most strikes a reader familiar with the literature of the subject is the shrewd sense which checks the tendency of the theorist to dogmatize, and insists on a view of the subject from the social and political standpoint. Perhaps we owe this virtue of the book to Mr. Franklin's experience as a journalist. At any rate, the professional scholar will do well to consider some of the author's suggestions regarding the psychology of the people, and its relation to present phenomena of the cost of living. Mr. Franklin doubts the efficacy of legislative remedies for changes in the price level, and sees in the present war still another influence making for a rise in prices.

Mr. Henry James says somewhere in a lecture on Balzac: "The fault in the artist which amounts most completely to a failure of dignity is the absence of *saturation with his idea*. When saturation fails, no other real presence avails, as when, on the other hand, it operates, no failure of method fatally interferes." The observation is partly justified in Marie L. Shedlock's "The Art of the Story-Teller" (Appleton; \$1.50 net). She is herself a delightful practitioner of the age-long fascinating art of the telling of stories. But she has not rested there. She knows the technique, without losing a sense of the value of larger ends. She knows how children's minds work. She has observed childhood interests. She possesses a sympathetic comprehension of difficulties in the way of the developing minds of the young. What is more, she writes with charm on what is to many a threadbare subject. She draws upon her own wide experience for illustration. She gives copious details in describing the elements to avoid and to seek in selecting material for the story-telling hour. To the inexperienced she should be very helpful in her directions how to obtain and maintain the effect of the story. Even the experienced will find her advice unusually practical and sound. Few, in short, can read her chapters of exposition without being both entertained and enlightened. To exemplify the various qualities she aims at she includes a goodly number of selections, and, in addition, carefully chosen lists of stories ranged under guiding classifications. In fine, hers is one of those infrequent apparitions, a book that can be recommended without essential reservation.

A strange volume to appear, in these days, ninety years after the death of its author, is the "Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man, and of the Destiny of the Adamic Race," translated by Nayán Louise Redfield, from the French "L'histoire philosophique du genre humain" of Fabre d'Olivet (Putnam, \$3.50). D'Olivet, says the translator, was "the great metaphysician of Esotericism of the nineteenth century who penetrated far into the crypt of fallen sanctuaries to the tabernacle of the most mysterious arcana." "In his researches of the languages he rejected what was clear, precise, and logical, seeking always for the mystic, throwing himself into shadowy regions where he sought to find unknown relations." This book is the history of the white or "Borean" race, and sums up all of D'Olivet's works. The original idea was to write a history of the

world and its inhabitants, but, owing to circumstances, this project slimmered down to the modest programme mentioned. Napoleon did not care for D'Olivet—at least the latter thought he did not—and D'Olivet did not care to be banished to Africa; so he devoted his attention to inconspicuous studies. The white race, we are told, had its nursery at the Boreal pole, at a time when the black race "was dominant upon the earth and held the sceptre of science and of power." Astonished at these revelations, one opens at the second book to see what is coming; its principal object, one is advised, "will be to describe the effects of the first disturbance given to the intellectual sphere, and to conduct Man as far as the entire development of his faculties." The reader of this sort of thing proceeds but for a space ere he recalls the old saying that there is no need of eating the whole barrel of apples to find out how they taste.

When it comes to expounding William E. Ritter's "War, Science and Civilization" (Boston: Sherman, French; \$1 net), the reviewer is fain to recall the great naturalist who, given one typical bone, could reconstruct the whole animal. For example, Mr. Ritter proposes that art, especially dramatic art, must have national support and guidance. He wants a national theatre on Capitol Hill in Washington, and governmental encouragement to good playwriting and acting. "If successful, it would pay in the long run. Who questions that to improve the public taste for plays and acting is to make more demand for these and to increase theatre-going?" This is one of three "somewhat radical departures in governmental undertakings for the general welfare" which "would quite surely be set on foot" when "national insight" is once gained. The volume is implacably scientific. The reader who is unversed in biology is invited to come to the Scripps Institution for Biological Research, over which, it appears from the title-page, Mr. Ritter presides, "any summer," and clarify himself; "his notions will probably undergo a great loosening up." From time to time the novice is lured on in this book by promises like this: "Later we shall say considerable about unforeseeable discoveries science is likely to make in the future for supplying man's physical wants." The volume is feebly pro-German: "It is incumbent upon the people of our country to give more heed to one of Germany's claims than so far we have given. We must grant that she deserves 'more room in the sunshine' than she has." . . . Germany is a grand country to live in: "It does not seem reasonable to suppose that citizens of countries that stand at the highest levels of civilization will be likely to renounce such citizenship in large numbers to acquire citizenship in countries of inferior civilization." So that is the case! Then no wonder the hyphen is kept; it would be indeed foolhardy to burn all the bridges over Jordan. But we must not be so captivated by the humor of this work as to omit to state its thesis. The idea is that one country, realizing that the superior civilization of another is being hampered by lack of room to expand into, will give of its own sordid superfluity. "Japan needs more territory; we could spare some." How the argument, "saltant, vibrant, gracile, with life athrill," leads up to this conclusion we have not been able to discover. There is too much coruscation, too much diversion, along the way.

Drama

AN OLD STOCK COMPANY.

Old Boston Museum Days. By Kate Ryan. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50 net.

The Boston Museum, in its best estate, from thirty to fifty years ago, played a prominent and valuable part in the theatrical history of this country. It was a recognized home of the legitimate drama, especially of standard literary comedy, and helped to keep alive and perpetuate precious traditions and those graces of diction, carriage, and gesture which are vitally essential to the proper interpretation of the older stage masterpieces. Modern "realistic" methods are incongruous and destructive in plays which are professedly imaginative and artificial. Many of the best actors of an expiring generation learned the true principles of their art in the school of its admirable stock company, of which Kate Ryan herself was an efficient pupil. It was worthy of a more discerning and judicious chronicler. She has written a pleasant, gossipy, personal book, about a host of performers, good, bad, and indifferent, which doubtless will please many lovers of theatrical small talk, but contains very little that is new or pertinent.

She loved, honored, and admired William Warren, of course, as did everybody else who was acquainted with the character and work of that fine old artist and gentleman, but her tribute offers nothing fresh in matter or observation. A specimen of her critical judgment is afforded in her declaration that Annie Clarke would have made a good Hamlet. Miss Clarke was an experienced performer, of more than common capacity in many parts, but revealed no discernible qualifications—except, possibly, in her physical dimensions—for any such exacting intellectual character. Concerning her womanly charm Miss Ryan speaks, doubtless, with much greater authority. Charles Barron was certainly not the paragon of versatility she describes, although it is true that he appeared successfully in many diverse parts. As for his Renaud in "A Celebrated Case," that was in no respect the equal of Charles Coghlan's. He was a clever, correct, but mannered and somewhat wooden actor. Innumerable similar exceptions might be taken to many of her indiscriminating eulogies, but these will suffice as examples. All her geese are swans. Yet there is no trace in her reminiscences of professional jealousy. For that at least she is entitled to credit. Nor does she extol, even by implication, her own achievements.

The best and most interesting parts of her book—it is a pity she did not save more space for them—are those which relate to the inner and personal life of the "rat-ridden old theatre," the discipline, the rehearsals, the scenery, the stage-management, the travelling tours, the costumes, salaries,

and so forth. On such matters she is really instructive, to all but the ancients. She makes it plain that the old company was a very happy family, in spite of the small salaries and the hard work, and that the individual members of it had a high and true sense of the artistic dignity and responsibilities of their profession. Very significant glimpses are given—perhaps she scarcely realizes how significant—of the domestic and professional shifts which were then necessary and of which nobody was ashamed. Those old players had to labor and to wait, and were content, because they knew that capacity, not advertisement, was the sole road to reward. Miss Ryan speaks with knowledge, and with evident sincerity, when she says that the old system produced better actors than the new. The question is not one that is open to argument.

J. RANKEN TOWSE.

"COCK O' THE WALK."

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's satiric comedy, presented last week at the Cohan Theatre with Otis Skinner in the principal rôle, is to be commended both for its amusing qualities and for the excellent theatrical moral which it points. The author draws boldly on his contemporaries of the stage for inspiration and, though the satire is jocular rather than caustic, there are nevertheless passages which should make at least one prominent actor-manager of London wriggle uncomfortably. The piece is dramatically a slight thing, such an one as, the idea being given, an experienced technician like Mr. Jones can probably turn out with a minimum of effort. But it was very well worth writing, and in pointing so effectively as he has the contrast between the old-time actor, who, whatever his defects, understood at least the art of speech, and the present-day matinée idol, whose sad eyes and gentlemanly bearing win him wealth and birthday honors, Mr. Jones has done a good service to his art.

Sir Augustus Conyers is the new type of actor-manager, sad-eyed, slim-waisted, exquisitely groomed, who wins the approval of bishops by his approval of the elevating mission of the stage, and, when asked by an Episcopal patron what is his conception of Hamlet, replies impressively that Hamlet is simply a gentleman, "like you and me." To honor the forthcoming celebration of Shakespeare's tercentenary, Sir Augustus has determined to produce "Hamlet," and that the stage, in elevating others may itself be elevated, he is busy procuring the coöperation of a committee of bishops. All is going well when both the scheme and Sir Augustus's own spotless character are imperilled by an unfortunate episode. The darling of matinée girls decides to give one of his youthful adorners a lesson and incidentally to obtain from it a little further advertising of his spotless character. He will invite the young lady, whose efforts to make his acquaintance have been persistent, to dinner with him at the Riverlawn Hotel; he will also invite the young lady's father and mother, and when his guests are assembled he will dramatically hand over the love-stricken one to her parents, improving the occasion with a little seasonable homily. Unfortunately, the young lady alone receives the invitation, and in the course of the *partie*

à deux which ensues, Sir Augustus, unable to resist the flattery of the girl's adoration, succumbs to the temptation of more than one "paternal" kiss.

They are, of course, discovered; the girl's father is informed; the bishops learn of the scandal. Sir Augustus begs that a private court of inquiry, consisting of four bishops who were to adorn the committee and three of his managerial confrères, may be held in his own office. But the evidence, of two jealous girls, looks damning. The only other witness is Antony Bellchamber, an old-time Shakespearean actor, a Bohemian with an addiction to alcohol, who befriended Sir Augustus in his youth, but has now been refused even a minor part in the forthcoming production. The morals of Bellchamber's course may not be strictly defensible, but the situation is delightfully contrived and the solution ingenious. Bellchamber had witnessed the entire episode, had overheard Sir Augustus's explanation to the girl that he had invited her parents, had taken note of the "paternal" kisses. He can corroborate Sir Augustus's version if he likes, and he will do so on condition that Sir Augustus substitute "Othello" for "Hamlet" as his forthcoming production, playing Iago himself, while Bellchamber plays Othello. Iago, suggests Bellchamber, soothingly, "usually puts it all over Othello—unless the man who plays Othello can act." The condition is accepted, and in a very amusing scene, in which Sir Augustus's fellow managers, though entirely disbelieving the explanation of that innocent paragon, resolve to stand by him, Bellchamber's evidence is accepted as sufficient to entitle Sir Augustus to a verdict of "not guilty—but don't do it again."

The texture of the play is slight, but the management of the situation is exceedingly skilful, extending even to the anti-climax of the fourth act, where interest is maintained by Bellchamber's paying off a personal grudge against Sir Augustus's secretary by pretending to be drunk just before the curtain goes up on the opening night of the production. The chief merit of the play consists, however, in the contrast of types between Sir Augustus and Bellchamber, the dandified, successful poseur, untaught in the rudiments of his art, who patronizes Shakespeare, and the rugged old Bohemian—an almost vanished type that had its vices as well as its virtues—to whom Shakespeare is as a god, who knows him by heart, and has spent a lifetime declaiming his lines, *ore rotundo*, up and down the country to half-filled houses. The part of Bellchamber is a rare opportunity, admirably used, for Otis Skinner. The author has skilfully packed his dialogue with apt quotation, and Mr. Skinner gets every ounce of value out of his delivery of the lines in the fine old sonorous style. Vernon Steel, in a make-up which is readily recognizable, is an excellent Sir Augustus Conyers; Miss Janet Dunbar is charming as the infatuated girl, Johanna Bridle, and the entire cast is thoroughly competent, the whole performance being smooth and finished. Some excellent comedy is provided in the inquiry scene by a deaf bishop, played by Harry Dodd in a make-up which in itself is a triumph of art.

S. W.

"THE DEVIL'S GARDEN."

Not many words need be expended on the dramatization of W. B. Maxwell's novel which is produced at the Harris Theatre. The matter of the story is unpleasant without be-

ing vital, and it has evidently suffered in being turned into the form of a play. There is one strong scene, that in which the hero learns from his wife's lips that she has been appropriated at the age of fifteen and with the consent of her aunt by a profligate old gentleman whose wealth and social standing have even now been invoked by her to retain her husband in his position as postmaster of a country town. The rest of the play is lurid nonsense, and this in spite of the excellent acting of Lyn Harding and Lillian Albertson.

F.

"VERY GOOD EDDIE."

In taking advantage of the informal atmosphere created by a little theatre, the producers of "Very Good Eddie" at the Princess have provided a not unpleasant evening's entertainment, with material that is not highly promising. Only one or two of the songs are catchy, the chorus, aside from the costumes, is mediocre, and the situations are not worked out with much cleverness. Yet with the audience in a friendly mood it is not difficult for Ernest Truex and Alice Dovey, who have the principal parts of a bride and groom—a bride thrown for a few hours with some one else's groom—to create a good deal of laughter. Both actors are quaintly appealing because of their diminutive size and—even in the man's case—daintiness.

F.

News came on January 1 of the death at Florence of Tommaso Salvini. Born at Milan on January 1, 1829, the son of a professor of literature at Livourne, Salvini became, at the age of fourteen, a pupil of the illustrious Modena. Before long he was playing leading parts in support of the great Adelaide Ristori, remaining with her for some years, and gaining in her company considerable *réclame*. His fame was made secure by his performance, after the Italian War of Independence, of *Edipus* in Nicolini's version of the tragedy and by his interpretation of Alfieri's *Saul*, always reckoned one of his most memorable achievements. Among other of his most famous impersonations at this early period may be mentioned *Egisto*, in Alfieri's "Mérope"; Paolo, in "Francesca da Rimini"; Orestes; Orasmane, in the "Zaïre" of Voltaire; Romeo; Hamlet; Ingomar; Samson, and other kindred characters. In 1871 he first visited South America, where he was received with enthusiastic appreciation, and two years later he played in England and the United States, creating an impression which has become legendary. His first great triumph in New York was made in the character of Othello, when he had the support of an excellent Italian company headed by Signora Piamonti. Other parts in his repertoire in America were Corrado, in "La Morte Civile"; "Sullivan"; Ingomar; Hamlet; Lear; Macbeth; Niger, in Saumet's "Gladiateur"; Saul, and Samson. Salvini revisited America on many occasions, always being welcomed with enthusiasm, but after his first visit he played with an English-speaking company of poor quality. For some years after his last appearance in this country he continued to act in Italy with undiminished power and success, but as he grew older he gradually retired from active participation in the theatre, although he occasionally emerged from his honorable and happy retirement to act with his son or to grace some special occasion.

Music

A RUSSIAN PROFESSOR'S OPERA.

Prof. John K. Paine, of Harvard, devoted the last ten years of his life to composing an opera, "Azara," which has never been performed. More fortunate is Horatio Parker, of Yale, who is responsible for two operas, which have been produced, and for each of which he received \$10,000—before the performance. Among the thirty thousand operas which, according to a careful estimate, have been written since the year 1600, there are hundreds more penned by professors of music; but it is safe to say that the only opera—at least, the only famous opera—ever composed by a professor of chemistry is Borodin's "Prince Igor," which had its first American performance last Thursday at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Alexander Porphyrievich Borodin, who lived from 1834 to 1889, was one of a group of prominent Russian composers who were men of science or action primarily, and only cultivated music on the side. Cul was a professor of fortification, Rimsky-Korsakov a naval officer; Moussorgsky was in the army, Serov a graduate of the School of Jurisprudence, Glinka a clerk in the Ministry of Ways and Means. Borodin divided his time among medical practice, lectures on chemistry, laboratory work, and composing music. He first became known outside of Russia through an imaginative piece of programme music which used to be played often in our concert halls in the days of Theodore Thomas, and which deserves to be revived. It is called "In the Steppes of Central Asia," the monotony of which is indicated by a high tone persisting throughout the piece. Central Asia was also the source of inspiration of all that is worth while in his opera, "Prince Igor." The Oriental side of Russian life and folk-music had always interested him particularly, and when he got from the famous traveller Hunfalvi a collection of melodies sung by the tribes of Central Asia, he decided to use them as material for an opera, the plot for which he found in a popular Russian epic of the twelfth century called "The Story of Igor's Army." It isn't much of a plot, but it provides situations inviting musical treatment, particularly those seen in the camp of the Polovtsy, an Oriental tribe of Tartar origin. In the prologue to the opera, Igor, Prince of Seversk, gets his warriors ready for an expedition against this Oriental tribe. He is accompanied by his son Vladimir, and leaves his wife, Yaroslavna, in charge of her brother, who is appointed ruler of Igor's province during his absence. This brother, Prince Galitzky, is a dissolute individual who abducts a maiden and tries to arouse the populace to accept himself as ruler in place of Igor. Yaroslavna hears of his treachery and upbraids him. At that moment news arrives of the defeat of her husband's army. Igor himself has

been captured, with Vladimir, but they are well treated in the enemy's camp by Khan Konchak, who even gives them a banquet. This serves as a pretext for what is the crowning glory of the opera, a set of wild Oriental dances and enchanting choruses. A Christian convert, Ovlour, in the third act, provides steeds for the escape of father and son. Igor accepts the opportunity, and in the final act we see him returning to console his wife. But Vladimir remains with the Polovtsy, to marry the beautiful Konchakovna, the Khan's daughter, with his full consent and blessing.

It is related by Rosa Newmarch that even in Russia, where audiences are not squeamish, Borodin was severely censured for the robust realism with which he treated the scene in the third act, where Ovlour gets the whole camp drunk with koumiss to facilitate Igor's escape. At the Metropolitan Opera House this whole act is omitted, whereby the opera is reduced to proper dimensions; and, as Igor returns to his wife in the following act on horseback, those who have not read the libretto have no difficulty in guessing that he has escaped from his captors. This act, moreover, contains little music by Borodin. When he died, his opera was far from completion, only two of the acts having been left in proper shape. According to Tchaikovsky, Borodin could not write a bar of music without assistance, his knowledge of the technique of composition being as rudimentary as that of Moussorgsky, whose "Boris Godounov" had to be thoroughly revised before it could be successfully presented on the stage. The man who did this revising, Rimsky-Korsakoff, also put "Prince Igor" into shipshape, with the aid of his pupil, Glazounov, who is the best of Russia's living composers, and who wrote down the overture from memory, having heard Borodin play it frequently. For a good deal of the music there were only sketches by the composer to guide the editors. They have undoubtedly done their work well, but they could not make Borodin's own melodies less commonplace and trivially operative than they are.

With few exceptions, the only parts of the opera that are really interesting and that justify its production are in the second act, in which Borodin uses the Oriental melodies he got from Hunfalvi. Were the whole of "Prince Igor" as entrancing as this act, it would be one of the world's masterworks, ranking with "Carmen," "Faust," and "Aida." Borodin was one of the "Big Five"; and one of the principal doctrines of this coterie was that folk-tunes should be used as melodic material. To this he gladly agreed; but he balked at the tenet, also held by this clique, that, apart from such folksongs, operas should be constructed of recitatives, flowing melody being undesirable. He tried to write melodies, which is a very much more difficult thing to do satisfactorily than writing the kind of recitative César Cui approved of; but, not having the creative gift, he failed to get above commonplaces, and that is what makes the great-

er part of "Prince Igor" boresome. It sounds like ordinary Italian opera, of the kind no longer in vogue. But the second act is so entrancing that all is forgiven for its sake. The folk melodies in it are largely given to the chorus and to the ballet, and while the cast of the opera was not of the best, these choruses were admirably sung, and the wild, barbaric dances could hardly have been better rendered.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

If the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy is somewhat featureless, there are rather better reasons than usual for that state of things. The winter show always suffers from the inclination of artists to save their better work of the year for the spring show, or for Philadelphia and Pittsburgh. This year much of the best current work went to San Francisco. Of the rather casual remainder, the hanging committee, consisting of William A. Coffin, F. Luis Mora, and H. A. MacNeil, has made a very thrifty use. There is a much better mix than usual, a pleasing moderation in the display of merely official portraiture (probably people are feeling too poor to be painted), and of almost equally official landscape. By devoting the South Gallery chiefly to small sculpture, hanging paintings of harmonious type as incidental decoration, and breaking the walls by projecting screens, a welcome variety has been obtained. If there are few individual ecstasies to be got, the whole effect is soothing in a cheerful way; the very most is made of an exiguous stock in trade. As a matter of record, one may note that more than 2,000 contributions had to be surveyed to get some 350, and that about 200 aspirants had the painful honor of being accepted but not hung. These customary woes cannot be omitted, for they point the need of better gallery facilities. An inordinate amount of pains is expended every year to make the two academies, neither of which, so far as art is concerned, compares favorably with the better class of current dealers' exhibitions. The Academy has a useful and necessary function of exhibiting the current production of its members, and of expressing a conservative craftsman's judgment on the new work. This latter function it loyally tries to fulfil, even under the present disadvantages. This year, for example, 211 exhibits by outsiders are shown as against 158 by Academicians and Associates. Personally, I feel that under the present conditions one Academy a year is enough, that the winter show could profitably be dropped in favor of some kind of a "Salon des Refusés." There is some advantage in knowing the very worst, and while the Academy could not officially sanction such an enterprise, it might openmindedly cede to it its midwinter time and wall space.

As if the more thoroughly to de-emotional-

ize the show, the usual dissatisfaction about the prize-giving is withheld us. Paul Dougherty's October Morning very fairly fills its bill as "the most meritorious oil painting." The crag-bound stretch of tidal cove is highly simplified, rich in color and movement, strong and rhythmical, possibly a shade too played up and sweet, but in every right sense meritorious. I rather think the portrait of the show is Randall Davey's strident and characterful Portuguese Grandmother, but I think also that no one can quarrel seriously with the award to Cecelia Beaux's nervous and self-contained Portrait of Mrs. B's. Charles W. Hawthorne's Madonna-like group, The Offering, received the Isador Medal and the new Altman Prize for the best figure subject, quite appropriately. It is an endeavor to wed the frivolous *beau morceau* to monumental design, and if the marriage seem not quite made in heaven, the results are sufficiently exemplary. Personally, I should have had a tenderness for Max Bohm's Golden Summer for this prize. The pattern of amber nudes is quite lovely, and its festiveness counts tremendously in the general demureness of the central gallery. But it has the look of being done too easily, and perhaps is, which for prize-winning purposes is a formidable disqualification. Mr. Hawthorne leaves it in no doubt that he planned an important picture, and one should not grudge him his reward. Daniel Garber's Tanis easily merited its second prize in this class. A little girl daintily balanced on a porch is nimbused by the light caught in a sheer frock and glancing by her blonde head and bare legs. It is a little big and exhibitionistic, the pensiveness a bit overstressed, but it is freely and handsomely painted. Paul Herzel's panther struggling in the coils of a python received, deservedly, the Helen Foster Barnett Prize in sculpture. The bronze is energetic to painfulness, but Barye would not have disapproved it.

In a necessarily tardy notice there is no space for "those present." There is a quite sterling sort of achievement about which nothing novel can now be said in the *envois* of Blumenschein, Couse, Olinsky, and Kendall in figure-painting, and Bruce Crane, Murphy, and Redfield in landscape. The new tendency towards simplification in landscape is interestingly shown in Cullen Yates's The Edge of the Ravine and Gardner Symons's New England Mills. But it departs from the latter picture on inspection. I had no sooner begun to admire the resolute placing of the mills and the snow-clad landscape, when I became intrigued by the minor miracle of the cracked ice in the foreground, hopelessly *frappé* for further admiration. Glackens and Prendergast are good neighbors in their beach idyls, both having the gift of seeing their picture with lucidity. Ernest Lawson is very intimately ingratiating in his Early Spring Scene, and hardly less so in the squatter's cabin stranded in its bleak expanse of snow. The tendency towards a resolute simplification based on a few sharply asserted planes expressed in pure color, rests on the strenuous practice

of Cézanne, and is much in evidence. A veteran like Reuter Dahl, in a snow scene, is making over his art along these lines, as yet not successfully, for the mere procedure is too evident. Walter Griffin, in a French Village Street, shows a normal and accomplished use of the formula. A newcomer, Walter Goltz, illumines the Morgue with an extraordinarily energetic landscape along these lines. He catches the moment of saturated color before a storm—flaming autumnal trees before a stately sky, a green meadow and white buildings all firmly knit together by the simplest architecture. It is for me the best-seen landscape of the show. Work of this sort, with dynamic observation in it, should be sharply distinguished from the mere abundant copyism of the new painting, as the Beals doing Van Gogh. And while admiration should not be denied to the successes of the new strenuous methods, it is instructive also to note how well the men hold their own who have no especial vigor or cleverness to offer, but just some personal grace of feeling or invention—I am thinking naturally of the tiny colonial idyls of Henry, of the fantasy of F. S. Church, and of Gedney Bunce's Venice reduced to the filaments of a dream. It is possible that when we shall have exhausted the pleasures of mere eyesight we shall come back to some of these modest pleasures of sentiment. This kind of personal radness has the luck to meet forthright craftsmanship in the work of George Bellows. His nude, Girl with Parrot, is admirable for its vitality, and the composition, The Family of the Fisherman, is instinct with excitement and romance. Such work is good for the eyes.

In sculpture there is a rather appalling quantity of lightly-clad bacchantes. None of them greatly excited or much edified me. Among the portraits, Brenner's relief, Quinn's sensitive head of a young man, and Grafly's robust head of the painter Duveneck seemed to me especially worth while. The tendencies most observable are the Rodinesque (Chester Beach is its reigning prophet) and the archaistic, inspired doubtless by the success of Paul Manship. Very lovely in line and mass is Edith Woodman Burroughs's half-draped female nude, called Acquiescence. It is a pleasure to note that her rare talent is recognized, however tardily, by an election as Associate. Fountains abound, and generally have a wholesome festive quality.

The show is too casual to warrant any extended generalizations. The economic fallacy of it is what strikes me most forcibly. I am amazed at the production of so much painting and sculpture that nobody could reasonably want. Take, for example, Louis Betts's big, fresh, and charming portrait, Josie of the Hills. Who could honestly want it, except some provincial museum without a Betts and with wall space to spare? It is by no means a bad picture, but it doesn't at all come into the range of human needs. It is merely typical of an entire class of competent painting, a symbol of the dissociation of the so-called fine arts from life. Some-

times I think that nobody really loves works of art any more, but only artists and the glamour of the life artistic. Thus the artist paints more or less in a vacuum for people who make a merit of pretending to want his works. How under these circumstances the artist contrives to live is, of course, no immediate business of mine. It does, however, strike me strongly that, whereas he ought to live like a manufacturer, from making a wanted thing, he lives instead rather like a book agent or advertising broker from passing on things that are really unwanted. Of course, I am aware that he usually does live from his coupons or his wife's, or from teaching other people to do other unwanted works of art. I am aware, too, that he may be socially very useful as an inculcator of taste among his friends, but he could be even more so as a collector or amateur. I could wish some readjustment of the ideals of art and society by which the average artist might find his social usefulness, and, of course, his support, because of his art and not more or less in spite of it.

F. J. M., JR.

Finance

A YEAR OF SURPRISES.

People who have watched intelligently the remarkable financial history of the year just ended will probably agree in describing 1915 as, beyond anything else, a year in which plausible economic predictions turned out sensationally wrong. These predictions—somewhat qualified, perhaps, before the end of last December, but very positively reiterated a month or two earlier—referred both to Europe and to the United States. First of all, economic exhaustion of the fighting states, or at least of some of them, would end the war during 1915. England would strengthen her own resources by instantly calling in her invested capital from the neutral world—notably the United States. Germany, cut off by the blockade, would be crippled in her war plans by the disastrous shortage of food and material.

The American market, deprived of recourse to European money centres for the placing of new securities and to borrow for the "crop-moving season," would have to endure very high money rates. More than this, the unloading of Europe's holdings of American securities would, first, beat down prices sensationally on our stock and bond markets; secondly, derange the credit situation through this depreciation of collateral on loans, and finally, draw away our gold to Europe because of the resultant movement of foreign exchange against New York. American industry was in for a period of restricted times—the cotton belt, because scarcely a third of the huge crop of 1914 was likely to be sold; the steel and textile trades, because both were deprived of certain essential raw materials which come from Germany; the other lines of productive enterprise, be-

cause some of our best foreign markets were blockaded and others impoverished.

At the end of 1915, not one of the prophecies has come true. Not only is war still going on, but belligerent Europe is not yet exhausted enough to prevent forecasts of another year or two of fighting. English investors, it is true, have sold enormous amounts of American securities to provide for subscriptions to the war loans; but the sales have been gradual and intermittent, and the greater part still remains in foreign investors' hands.

So, also, Germany has had to regulate certain kinds of food, and strip metal from the roofs of houses to use in making war supplies; but her military efficiency has been so little crippled that her armies have won practically all the laurels of the land warfare of 1915, up to the end of the year. With the United States, the predictions have gone even more completely by the board. Cut off though our market was from European capital, money rates in this country have remained throughout the year at almost the lowest level in a generation.

Although our investment markets have taken back, apparently, more than \$1,000,000,000 of Europe's American securities, prices of bonds range much higher than a year ago or at the outbreak of the war, and prices of stocks have risen violently. So sound has the credit position remained that the surplus bank reserve of New York has risen to the highest figure in its history, and would probably have done so even on the old ratio of required cash reserves. We have imported three times as much gold as in any previous year, on a basis of foreign exchange abnormally and increasingly in our favor since the year began. The revival of industry, led by the wholly unprecedented boom in the steel trade and accompanied by record-breaking railway earnings, has upset all prophecy.

Taking all this together, it is pretty safe to say that never before—certainly not in the life-time of living men—has there been a year with such a succession of financial surprises and discredited expert economic prediction. It will be the task of a good many economic textbooks of the future to explain why everything happened exactly as it did. Surface explanations are numerous enough—such as England's advancing of some \$1,250,000,000 to her weaker allies to prevent their financial exhaustion, and the unexpectedly prodigious mass of war munitions ordered in this country, which raised our outward trade balance to its present magnitude. But these things do not explain everything.

It will remain for economic history to say how far these results have been influenced, if at all, by the paper money expedients in Europe, and the consequent flow of gold to the United States. Paper inflation will often give a fictitious aspect of prosperity and endurance to a community which is actually in financial straits, and abnormally large receipts of gold may be cause as well as effect of flourishing finance. But aside from

this, there are two things which stand out indisputably, as at least the partial explanation of this collapse of the prophecies of the best financial experts.

One of them—a very obvious explanation—is that the prophets were dealing with conditions wholly unprecedented in the history of the world, and, therefore, could not have been expected to hit the mark. The other is, that the world has had a new lesson, and a very impressive one, first in the unsuspected power of aggregated capital, and next in the manner in which the floating capital of the world concentrates on that market where a minimum of visible risk and a maximum of possible opportunity present themselves. The one lesson is embodied in the year's financial experience of Europe; the other, in the experience of the United States.

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Stevens, E. S. *Allward*. Dodd, Mead. \$1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Gaskell, E. C. *Right at Last and Other Tales*. The World Classics. Oxford University Press.
Latham, A. G. *The Oxford Treasury of French Literature*. Vol. 1. Oxford University Press.
Ostrander, F. C. *Li Romans Dou Lis*. Columbia University Press.
Oxford Garlands Epigrams. Songs for Music. Selected by R. M. Leonard. Oxford University Press.
Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. Edited by W. G. Howard.
Schreiner, O. *Dreams*. Boston: Little, Brown. 75 cents net.
Singer, C. *The Cures of the Diseased*. In *Forrairie Attempts of the English Nation*. Oxford University Press.
The *Blinded Soldiers and Sailors Gift Book*. Edited by G. Goodchild. Putnam.
The *Lay of Havelock the Dane*. Reedited by Rev. Walter W. Skeat. Second edition revised by K. Sisam. Oxford University Press.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

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Wallace, M. W. *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney*. Putnam. \$3.25 net.

SCIENCE.

Annals of Harvard College Observatory. Vol. 80, No. 3. Harvard College Observatory.
Brennan, W. A. *Tobacco Leaves*. Menasha, Wis.: Banta Publishing Co. \$1.25 net.
Coulter, J. M. *Evolution*. School Science series. Bloomington, Ind.: J. G. Coulter.
Galloway, T. W. *Reproduction*. School Science series. Bloomington, Ind.: J. G. Coulter.
Osler, W. *Science and War*. Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. net.
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DRAMA.

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